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CONTENTS

VOL. XIII JULY, 1944 No. 4

Some Aspects of European Reconstruction RICHARD REDLER 367

A Preliminary Aspect of Calvin's Epistemology ARTHUR C. COCHRANE 382

2Henry IV and the Theme of Time BENJAMIN T. SPENCER 394

Revolution in the Colonies..... DONALD COWIE 400

Two Canadian Poets: A Lecture by Archibald Lampman With a Note by E. K. BROWN 406

Letters in Canada: 1943. Part II

IV. French-Canadian Letters..... W. E. COLLIN 424

V. New-Canadian Letters..... WATSON KIRKCONNELL 457

Reviews:

On Milton's Poetry Today

I. Milton Today ..... A. S. P. WOODHOUSE 462

II. Milton's Royalism..... MERRITT Y. HUGHES 467

Glover of John's..... GILBERT NORWOOD 470

Two Critics of Hardy..... J. F. MACDONALD 476

Shorter Notice..... 481

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SOME ASPECTS OF EUROPEAN RECONSTRUCTION

RICHARD REDLER

ALTHOUGH the reconstruction of Europe presents what is probably the greatest challenge to the intelligence of our generation, the literature on the subject is as yet surprisingly thin. Up to this war, Europe was the centre of gravity of world affairs. The old continent has lost this role of leadership. Politically it will represent a "vacuum of power," as General Smuts pointed out in his remarkable address to the Empire Parliamentary Association; economically it will also be thrown off balance to such an extent that its rehabilitation will largely depend on extra-continental forces, on the policies of the three great world powers who will be the trustees of the new Europe. The shape of these policies of Great Britain, the United States and Soviet Russia has not yet been unfolded by the Allied leaders. This is one reason why the problem of European reconstruction at this stage defies a truly scientific analysis.

Besides the uncertainties as to the ultimate plans of the Big Three, the problems in themselves are so vast that any attempt to sum them up requires of necessity an almost inadmissible degree of generalization and over-simplification. The writer is perfectly aware of the artificial character of a study which ignores the political issues involved. Europe is composed of enemy states, of occupied Allied countries (where, with the exception of Poland, Quisling régimes are collaborating with the enemy against the will of the overwhelming majority of the populations concerned) and of four neutrals. Naturally our approach to the problems of rehabilitation will sharply distinguish between the aggressors and the victims, and perhaps even between the more or less friendly neutrals; but that distinction it has not been possible to follow through in this study. Indeed the present paper does not pretend to offer any practical solutions. Enough if it can expose some of the revolutionary changes which have taken place and which have transformed the continent as we had known it in the interval between the two world wars.

* * *

To talk about Continental Europe as an entity is only possible at the price of very broad generalizations. However, the most

conspicuous fact in the picture of the Europe of 1943 as compared with that of 1939 is that from an economic and administrative point of view the continent has become more integrated than it ever was in history. It is a fact which has received little attention in our thinking about Europe.

Most experts would probably agree that some measure of integration was due and likely to come about in this generation, even if no German occupation, and no isolation from the outside world, had occurred. We observe a similar trend in other parts of the world. Soviet Russia, though a political unit for centuries, has only in the last twenty years integrated its economy and effectively welded East and West together. In the British Empire and Commonwealth a policy of economic integration was successfully initiated with the Empire preferences at the Ottawa Conference. The Good Neighbour Policy of the United States during this period has also tended towards closer economic links between the different parts of the Western Hemisphere. And in the Far East, Japan was, of course, applying the same ruthless methods as Germany in order to build a huge economic empire which she ironically calls "The Greater Co-Prosperity Sphere." However, none of the aforementioned areas, with the exception of Soviet Russia, has become as closely knit together as Continental Europe under Nazi rule.

A Europe without Great Britain, Soviet Russia, Turkey, and—what is more—without the colonial possessions of the continental powers, may seem a very artificial product. It is obvious that the French, Dutch and Belgians will resume after the liberation of the homeland the closest possible relations with their overseas possessions.[1] And Great Britain and Soviet Russia will be decisive partners in the continental economy after the war (if they are not to be a part of it, as some exponents of a division of Europe into two spheres of influence seem to envisage). However, such a reduced Continental Europe has been a political reality for four years, during which it underwent a process of economic and administrative integration which will be of lasting significance.

This process is not of equal intensity everywhere. As to the occupied countries, they are in general the more a part of the

[1]The particular conditions of Norway, for instance, whose past and future as a seafaring nation are more tied to overseas than to continental trade, are brilliantly exposed in an article by Knut Getz-Wold, "International Aspects of Norwegian Economic Reconstruction" (*International Affairs*, Jan., 1944).

German economy the nearer they are to Germany geographically. The neutrals undoubtedly have retained a greater degree of independence, though all of them were deeply affected by the economic isolation of the continent, and though none of them, between 1941 and 1943, could afford to ignore the wishes of Berlin.

These are some broad qualifications to the general picture of uniformity we are to describe; some indeed may be further commented upon in what follows, but quite a few simply have to be neglected in a study which intends to give an over-all bird's-eye view of European conditions and institutions as they were at the height of Nazi rule, that is roughly before the invasion of Italy, when German influence began to decline.

* * *

Sir Walter Layton, in his Sidney Ball lecture a few months ago, discussed the relative importance of the different world areas, comparing the Big Three (that is, the United Kingdom with the Dominions, the U.S.S.R., the United States) with five other blocks, Continental Europe, Latin America, India, China, and the remaining regions, including the dependent colonial areas.[2] In his tables the Big Three are, of course, in most respects the leading area. But it may surprise the reader and illustrate the importance of Continental Europe as a trading area when he realizes that in 1938 the total value of all exports and imports of the Big Three amounted to 9.7 billion old gold dollars as compared with 10.2 billion for Continental Europe. The continent covers less than 4 per cent of the world's surface, but it accounted in the years before the war for between 36 and 39 per cent of total world imports and between 32 and 35 per cent of total world exports.[3] Roughly one-half of these imports (49 per cent) came from, and 43 per cent of the exports went to, the outside world.

For four and a half years now has the old continent been cut off from its traditional trade connections with the outside world. This situation does not compare with that during the last World War, when France, Italy, the Iberian peninsula, the Scandinavian countries and also a considerable part of the Balkan countries never ceased to exchange goods with extra-continental nations.

[2] "What Is a Great Power?" (*Economist*, London, March 11, 1944).

[3] Including the U.K. and the Balticum, Europe accounted in 1938 for 56 per cent of world imports, 46 per cent of world exports. (Cf. *Europe's Trade*, League of Nations, Geneva, 1941, 10.)

This time the blockade has included the whole continent. The amount of overseas goods reaching the four remaining neutrals, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland, through the double blockade of both belligerent sides, as compared with pre-war figures, is negligible.

For all practical purposes, Europe during these years has thus lived on its own: it has not received goods from the outside world, and it has kept its exports. This fact in itself would have created tremendous dislocations in the structure of the European economy, even if Germany had not taken advantage of her dominant military and economic power for the ruthless exploitation of the national economies of the occupied and dependent countries and their adaptation to that autarky which was her avowed aim. During 1941 and 1942, the Germans counted that they would have the permanent use of the economic resources of the continent. Consequently they rationalized and adapted the agricultural, mineral and industrial potential to continental needs.

Continental Europe before the war depended on imports for 9 to 10 per cent of its cereal consumption. In order to close this gap, all European countries, the so-called industrialized as well as the agricultural, have increased their cultivated areas for cereal crops.[4] Production did not increase in proportion to the extension area, because less fertile grounds are being planted; shortage of labour, of fertilizers and of agricultural machinery are factors hampering output and yield. Despite this, Europe never produced as many cereals as in 1942 and 1943.

Parallel to the development of increased cereal and oilseed crops

[4]The author hesitates to quote Nazi statistics concerning agricultural production in Germany and the occupied countries. Neutral Switzerland may serve as a rather extreme example of the general trend. Switzerland doubled her agricultural area from 1,112,000 to 2,223,000 acres, turning grassland and forests to the production of grains and oilseeds, and will extend it to about 2,500,000 acres by the end of 1944. According to Mr Staempfli, President of the Swiss Federation, at least 760,000 acres of the newly won arable ground are to stay after the war. (Cf. *Situationsbericht aus der Schweiz*, Consulate General of Switzerland, New York, IV, no. 15, Feb. 8, 1944.) Incidentally, Switzerland, the most individualistic and liberal country which succeeded in remaining an island of democracy in Nazi-dominated Europe, has also gone a long way towards a planned economy. The Swiss plan of agricultural expansion is called the "Wahlenplan," after its author, Friedrich Wahlen, who worked for years in the Province of Quebec as a Canadian civil servant of the Department of Agriculture.

goes a diminution of grassland. This in connection with the lack of imported feeds made for a grave decline of livestock holdings, especially in those countries which had been the main convertors of feeds into animal foodstuffs, mainly for export to the United Kingdom.[5] In the field of agriculture, the war has thus brought about increased grain crops for human consumption, whereas a large part of the industries which centred on holdings of livestock have disappeared.

As concerns raw materials and manufactured goods, the same general tendency holds true. Europe imported raw materials and exported manufactured goods. In 1937 the trade balance showed net imports of raw materials at a value of 2,595 million gold dollars and net exports of manufactured goods at a value of 1,941 million.[6] There was everywhere a struggle to increase the production of those raw materials in which the continent was deficient, and in as far as they could not be supplied, substitutes were sought.[7] On the other hand, the industries working for exports as well as for civilian consumption, have been partly converted to war production, sometimes with the transfer of plant and equipment to regions con-

[5]The Netherlands offers a typical example: grassland was reduced from 3,310,000 acres to 2,846,000 acres, but at the same time several tens of thousands of acres of flower-gardens—the famous Dutch tulip plantations—were also converted into grain acres. The wheat area increased by 20,000 acres between 1940 and 1943, rye by 212,000 acres, potatoes by 208,000 acres, and that of rape from 4,400 acres in 1940 to 137,500 acres in 1943.

But the decline in livestock and chicken holdings is yet much more remarkable. The number of milk-cows was reduced from 1,497 million in 1940-1 to 1,145 million heads in 1943-44; that of pigs from 1,287 million in 1940 to 498,000 in 1943; and that of chickens (which are the most unsatisfactory feed convertors) from 34.9 million to 3.87 million.

The implications of the changes in European production on Canada's post-war trade with the Continent are discussed by the present author in "*Industrial Canada*", vol. XLIV, no. 15, July, 1944.

[6]Cf. Cleona Lewis, *Nazi Europe and World Trade* (The Brookings Institution, Washington, D.C., 1941), 14.

[7]On the question of substitutes, Frank Munk, Director of the UNRRA training centre at the University of Maryland, writes in his *Legacy of Nazism* (N.Y., 1943): "In contrast to the substitutes and synthetics created during the First World War, those now being developed are not inferior to the natural products they replace; in some cases they are better and more adaptable to diversified industrial needs. As their scale of production grows, costs decline. It is quite probable they will be in the end cheaper than the original commodities . . . . The economic balance of continents will be thrown out of gear by this trend."

sidered to offer better protection from air-raids, while the equipment of idle plants which could not be converted was often simply scrapped, in order to use the materials of which they consisted. Even if we discount the actual destruction through aerial and now also terrestrial warfare, the prospect that Europe may quickly take up her position as the world's supplier of manufactured export goods is slim. In most cases, the process of industrial rehabilitation will be a slow and painful one of retooling.[8] On the other hand, after the immediate relief period, during which food needs and certain raw material shortages may be extremely acute, there is every likelihood that Europe may in fact import less agricultural and mineral raw materials than it did before the war.

The absence of any foreign trade with the outside world should naturally have made for an intensification of the intra-European exchange of goods. The Nazis contend that this trade has increased in value. It is impossible to appraise their figures because, in many cases, the whole increase is likely to reflect simply a rise in prices and the volume of trade may in fact be substantially reduced even where value figures may be considerably higher than before the war.[9]

The European countries had to adapt themselves, and adapted themselves as best they could, to the situation created by their isolation from the world markets. New trade relationships have been established between them and traditional ones been intensified. Some of this new network of trade will remain. The continent will not be autarkic after the war. But its basic raw-material requirements and its capacity to export manufactured

[8]There are exceptions. The outstanding one is the automobile industry, where the conversion from military to civilian vehicles, from tanks to trucks, is comparatively simple. Thus (according to *Deutsche Bergwerkszeitung*, of Jan. 23, 1944) the French automobile manufacturers, who have organized themselves in four cartels with a rationalized production programme, issued a five-year plan which provides for the first post-war year the fabrication of between 50,000 and 60,000 person cars and 80,000 to 90,000 trucks, as compared with 200,000 person cars and 23,000 trucks in 1938. For the fifth year, the plan provides for 250,000 person cars and 120,000 trucks.

[9]Concerning the volume of trade *The Economist* (March 18, 1944) writes: "A rough estimate suggests that the volume of foreign trade between the different countries of the continent decreased again in 1943 and is now below 50 per cent of the volume of the total foreign trade of these countries before the war. Germany's share has been both proportionately and actually increased, so that its foreign trade is not far below the level of 1938."

goods will both be proportionately smaller, whereas the intra-European exchange of goods will be of greater scope.

* * *

As everywhere else in the world, customs-tariffs were the main instrument by which European governments controlled the flow of goods before the war. In a planned continental economy, where previously set quotas of products are being exchanged and where trade is mainly carried on between more or less monopolistic and government-controlled foreign trade agencies, tariffs are no longer necessary as a means of controlling the entry or the outflow of goods. Tariffs thus have lost their importance. In some cases they have been abolished; in some they have been replaced by other methods tending to equalize import and export prices. The Europe of tomorrow will be less divided by customs barriers than was the Europe of 1939, and the new techniques cannot be expected to disappear automatically.

Just as important as the changes in the tariff policies are those which have occurred in the field of international payments. Eighteen states were and are settling most of their mutual payments resulting from external trade through one multilateral clearing office in Berlin. Not only far distant countries like Norway and Greece are clearing through Berlin, but also neighbours like Belgium with the Netherlands, or Bulgaria with Rumania. This institution was, of course, not designed by the Germans only to free European trade from foreign exchange shackles: it was for them in the first place a means to control the movement of goods from one country to another, in order to lay their hands on supplies they wanted to secure for themselves.

Besides and beneath the Berlin multilateral clearing, there exist still a variety of regional—bilateral and triangular—clearings. It is the neutrals who are more particularly included in these schemes as contrasted with the multilateral clearing. To take the example of neutral Sweden, 90 per cent in 1941, and 83 per cent in 1942, of all Swedish trade payments were settled through clearings. In all there were seventy-eight clearing agreements in force at the end of 1943. Though we do not anticipate that the present system will prevail after the war, certain of its techniques may well survive in a changed form. At any rate, the disentangling

of this whole intricate set of relations will present one of the most complicated of post-war tasks.[10]

To the technical factors which have changed the structure of the European economy, there should be added the rationalization of the transport and communication system (railways, inland shipping, postal and telegraph services) and the internationalization of certain power developments. Especially in the central region, the abolition of state frontiers for many practical purposes has brought to Europe the methods of American mass production.

* * *

A material factor may be still more decisive in the direction of greater uniformity than are the technical. Though it should be possible, through techniques of modern currency management, to avoid the degree of inflation reached in some cases after the last war, a certain amount of inflation will be inevitable. And this will tend to level out the differentiation in economic wealth and standard of living which existed in pre-war years, because inflation affects the rich countries with a large money capital, like the Netherlands and Belgium, more decisively than, for example, the poor Balkan states which have always been short of working capital.

It is impossible to give for Europe as a whole a brief summary of inflationary trends. Official cost-of-living figures are largely

[10]A word may here be added about Germany's exploitation of her neighbours. She is importing more than she is exporting, and the difference is not being paid through the transfer of gold or other assets, but is put on credit balance. Germany's so-called clearing debt amounted, according to semi-official German statements, to 10 billion RM. in the middle of 1943. It may in fact be much higher and at any rate must have risen considerably since. These non-interest-bearing balances with the Reichsbank are a heavy burden, especially on the weaker Balkan countries, and some of the German obligations out of this account will have to find a place in the determination of reparations. But the amount of the clearing debts gives by no means a full picture of the extent of the German economic and financial exploitation of Europe. The arbitrary fixing of the purchasing power of the occupied countries through the parities established between the Reichsmark and their national currencies has enabled the Germans to buy at cheaper and to sell at higher prices. (For the actual over-valuation of the Reichsmark rates, see Thomas Reveille, *The Spoil of Europe*, N.Y., 1941, 95.) But with a country like France no clearing debt was ever incurred: the occupation costs levied by the Germans on behalf of the armistice terms covered all German purchases in France. (For the occupation costs imposed on the occupied countries see Reveille, pp. 102 ff.)

artificial, owing to the strict policies of price ceiling and the subsidizing of the retail prices for essential, rationed consumers' goods. The index fluctuates between the extreme of Greece, where the cost of living has gone up by 800 to 1000 per cent, and Germany, where the official increase does not amount to more than 10 per cent.[11] At present, on a European average, the cost of living may not have risen by more than 60 per cent. But the crucial moment will come when, with the breakdown of the actual political régimes, the dictatorial machinery of price controls will probably break down too.[12]

Nobody can as yet predict at which level the different national currencies may become stabilized in relation to the U.S. dollar and the pound sterling. The fact that the Allies in Italy saw themselves compelled to set the new parity of the Italian lira as against the Anglo-American currencies at roughly 18 per cent of its pre-war valuation, serves to suggest that the devaluation may be substantial.[13] At any rate, Europe is undergoing a process of general impoverishment, by which the wealthier countries will be more affected than the poorer.

* * *

The transformation of Europe has not been confined to the economic and technical fields. By affecting the national administration in almost every country, Nazi domination has uprooted the very bases of the European society.[14] Although to a varying

[11]On the reservations applicable to these figures, see Henry P. Osland, "Canada's Record in the War on Inflation" (*Montreal Daily Star*, Dec. 10, 1943).

[12]Wholesale prices rose more than the cost of living, since they did not enjoy the same degree of state protection as the essential goods of daily consumption which are at the basis of the cost-of-living index. But the greatest advances appear in the indices for central banknote circulation and public debt.

For a survey of inflationary trends in Axis Europe, according to European official publications, see "Inflationary Trends in Axis Europe" (*Economic Record*, National Industrial Conference Board Inc., New York, Dec. 1943).

[13]Switzerland and Sweden, which may for a long time be the only creditor nations on the continent, will be the outstanding exceptions. Their national currencies may fully hold their own in comparison with the U.S. dollar and the pound sterling. The Swiss franc enjoys at present on all blackmarkets of Europe and even in New York a higher rate than that corresponding to the official Dollar-Sfr. parity.

[14]Even the most liberal countries like neutral Switzerland and Sweden have gone a long way towards a new conception of the role of the state in society, and have accepted changes which would have seemed incredible a few years ago.

degree, the countries of Europe, and more especially the occupied countries, are operating under the same administrative system. Particularly in matters of finance, manpower policy, social insurance, production control, rationing, and (as stated above) in matters of foreign trade and foreign-exchange control, essentially the same principles apply in every country and essentially the same fascist bureaucracy is carrying out the same laws and decrees.

The actual system of fascist corporatism is based on private ownership of the means of production,[15] but the rights of management are with the state. The producers, manufacturers and merchants in every branch of business are organized in compulsory corporations, whose top officials are appointed by the government. These semi-public corporations are the instrument by which the government executes its economic policies, prescribing to every business man unto the last detail what he has to do. Farmers, manufacturers or shopkeepers are essentially "civil servants" executing orders from above, from the officials of the corporations with which they are registered. That these officials who are recruited from the inner core of the Nazi party (or from the core of collaborationists in occupied countries like France) must be eliminated and immediately replaced, and also that some democratization of these semi-public bodies should quickly follow, is quite obvious. But whether, and in what time, an orderly administration may be able to function without the intermediary of these institutions is a question to which it is too early to attempt an answer. The liberal state with its relationship between citizen and government has been shattered. Whatever new forms of social organization eventually emerge, this seems evident: in as far as Nazi domination has resulted in "uniformation" (*Gleichschaltung*) of the social and political institutions on the continent, the reforms too will bear a more uniform character; the great

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They have, however, maintained their democratic institutions in a totalitarian world, and thus have shown how the essentials of democracy can be combined with the social outlook of a planned economy: a valuable lesson for the post-war world.

[15]There is but one exception to this statement. In northern Italy, after the surrender of Badoglio, the trade unions went on a general strike. They could not be appeased by the fascist puppet government save at the price of socialization. The state and the trade unions are sharing the responsibilities of management as well as the profits of the socialized enterprises.

cleavages in constitution and administration, as well as social organization, which formerly distinguished the states of Europe will have largely disappeared.

* * *

These remarks leave us, of course, with the question: *What are we to do about the old continent?* In the preceding we ignored all political questions. And we are not now prepared to offer any suggestions as to how to exact reparations from Germany, or according to what set of priorities to distribute them to the victims, how to draw certain boundary lines, how to enforce disarmament, how to divide the spheres of influence and responsibility of the Big Three in the period of military occupation and afterwards. But our survey gives clearly at least one negative answer: Europe cannot go back to what it was in 1939.

The old continent has become too small to maintain some thirty-odd states, jealously guarding the prerogatives of their national sovereignty, following a policy of economic nationalism and building fortifications around what they consider their strategic borders. National sovereignty was never a purely juridical fiction. Historically it was based on a reasonable degree of economic independence, and on the power of a country to defend itself, alone or with the help of one or two traditional allies. These natural premises of sovereignty no longer exist for any state of Europe. All the changes which we have had to register have tended towards the closer integration of the European nations in a continental framework. It is a tendency in line with the technological realities of the century.

Logically in our approach to the problem of European reconstruction we ought from the start to conceive the continent as an entity. It would indeed be highly prejudicial to stabilized conditions in post-war Europe to encourage the individual states in attempts, which would inevitably be futile, to rebuild their old national economies as if nothing had happened.

It is obviously easier to talk about the great European Federation than to put it into practice. Some of the best minds in Great Britain, however, are advocating this way—notably, with strong economic arguments, Sir Walter Layton. Depression and social anarchy are the alternative to a planned co-ordination of resources and trade policies.

Prosperity is indivisible, as Prime Minister Mackenzie King remarked in his address before the British House of Commons. This axiom of twentieth-century economics also applies to Europe. There are rather narrow limits beyond which an artificial de-industrialization of Germany must inevitably also threaten the prosperity and standard of living of her neighbours. How then can Germany be prevented in the years to come from engulfing by her natural economic power and her trade policies the weaker countries of the continent? Besides that military post-war co-operation between the Big Three without which humanity will not find peace, two things are essential in the sphere of economics: (1) The old continent must somehow find its own natural economic balance; (2) There must come into being an over-all economic authority with considerable powers, a council to which every country will have to submit, and where German imperialistic ambitions should always be encountered by an overwhelming majority of the votes of the other nations.

(1) One particular aspect of the latest industrial development of Europe, which has received little attention, offers some encouragement for a new intra-European balance of industrial power. It is related to the concentration of industries into the inner bastion of the European fortress.

Before 1871, the industrial heart of the continent was in north-western France and Alsace-Lorraine. Then it shifted to the Ruhr area, and Ruhrort became the European port with the largest commercial tonnage. Aerial warfare now has speeded up a process which was probably in the nature of things. In order to be secured from air attacks, the industrial centre of Europe has once more shifted farther east. A trapezoid reaching on the map from Saxony to Polish Silesia, and on both sides down to south-eastern Austria, and centring in Moravia, forms today just as important an industrial area as the Ruhr, and probably a more important one.[16] It contains the Silesian and Czechoslovakian coalfields and the rich iron-ore and magnesite deposits of Austria.[17] Great industries had been built upon these natural resources long before Nazi management experts welded these regions together and made them the

[16]Cf. "Integration or Disintegration" (*Nineteenth Century and After*, Sept., 1943).

[17]If Hungary were to be included, it would, moreover, comprise the richest bauxite deposits of the continent.

south-eastern rampart of their industrial empire. There were the Austrian industrial centres of Steyer, Donawitz, Wiener Neustadt, and there were the Czechoslovakian Skoda works with their huge armament factories. But in the last years a great expansion has taken place in this part of Europe, and many new industries, predominantly in the field of armaments, of course, have been concentrated there, partly through the transfer of plants and machinery from France, Belgium, the Netherlands and the Ruhr, regions more vulnerable to air attacks from the British Isles. Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria will not be in the orbit of the German industrial system after the defeat. If their present economic integration could be paralleled by a close regional federation, a natural centre of gravity would emerge, which, together with France's re-established potential, could very effectively counterbalance Germany's industrial power in the post-war world.

There is another factor, worth mentioning in this connection, which may be of some importance in the reconstruction of Europe. The Nazis have put 14 million—not counting the prisoners of war, 8 to 9 million—foreign workers to forced labour in Greater Germany. Over 60 per cent of them are reported to be working in industry; and of these a good many, especially from Poland, Slovakia and the Balkans, must be acquiring skills which they did not possess before. Their return to their native countries may well contribute to the industrialization of the less developed parts of Europe and thus to a more balanced distribution of industrial power.

(2) At first during the period of relief UNRRA will not only be the greatest merchant in history, but something like an economic dictator of Europe. According to a continental plan, industrial and agricultural production quotas need to be reallocated to the different countries. Rehabilitation credits will have to be granted and distributed with a view to total needs and to the restoration of two-way trade exchanges in the future. Besides, the national currencies will have to be revalued in respect one of another, of the Reichsmark, and of the United Nations currencies (or that international currency which they may have established). These measures should first benefit the most gravely affected victims of Nazi exploitation. They should offer efficient methods by which the standard of living of Germany's neighbours may be raised at Germany's expense. In order that all this may be done, UNRRA

—or whatever other Allied authority may assume the supreme control of rehabilitation—will have to substitute itself for the present machinery of continental controls. And when the Allied authority finally retires from the scene after having laid the foundations of a reorganized economy, it is to be hoped that some other body, which we may call a European Economic Council, will continue its essential functions of continental co-ordination and the supervision of German trade and production.

* * *

Europe must also find social stability in an order which combines the essential beliefs of Western civilization in the freedom and dignity of man with the collectivist tendencies which appear inseparable from the twentieth century's industrial society.[18] This will be the most difficult aspect of Europe's rehabilitation, since it involves factors which are beyond economics and administrative techniques.

Nobody on this side of the Atlantic must treasure the illusion that the mere appearance of the armies of liberation, or of American-grown food and American-made goods, can automatically restore to the old continent the blessings of a free society and a workable economic system. It would only invite chaos if the compulsory corporations of business men (and likewise of labour) acting as intermediaries between individual and state, were to be abolished out of hand. Indeed it would seem that some features of the "new feudalism" are bound to stay. Free enterprise in the traditional sense cannot be offered as a solution to peoples who have grown accustomed to seeing the state take all initiative and command all enterprise while assuming the responsibility for employment and a minimum living standard. Social security may, for some time at least, make a stronger appeal to the inhabitants of Europe than individual freedom, and they may be ready to exchange some of their individual and even political liberties for state-guaranteed minimum incomes and protection against unemployment, sickness and old age.

It is highly desirable that the social and political institutions

[18]Peter F. Drucker, *The End of Economic Man*, and *The Future of Industrial Man* (N.Y., 1939 and 1942). Despite his somewhat rigid dogmatism, Drucker would seem to have given the most pertinent analysis of the European industrial society, of the social and ideological background on which fascism could grow.

of the old continent should also in future bear basic resemblance with those of the new. This will be the more attainable, the more readily we recognize the magnitude of the transformation which has taken place in the structure of European society and the more we conceive the process of re-adaptation as a long and slow one. The orderly transition from the chaos into which totalitarian dictatorship has plunged unhappy Europe to a free society in which the political ideals and the social concepts of the Western world will again find their institutional expression, is the great task facing the Allied statesmen after victory on the battlefield has been won.

A PRELIMINARY ASPECT OF CALVIN'S EPISTEMOLOGY

ARTHUR C. COCHRANE

A COMPLETE exposition of Calvin's epistemology would involve a consideration of the reformer's doctrine of revelation, including the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation of the Word of God, and the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and then of his doctrines of Holy Scripture and Church Proclamation. In this study we are merely concerned to show how Calvin distinguished between the Christian knowledge of God and of His will and all natural knowledge of God.

Complete agreement does not prevail among scholars concerning this preliminary aspect of Calvin's epistemology. Emil Brunner has taken the position that Calvin teaches that we can know God's wisdom and omnipotence, His righteousness and goodness, in nature, but not His forgiving mercy;[1] that the revelation in nature far from being rendered superfluous by the scriptural revelation first acquires its validity from scripture; and that the natural revelation is clarified and expanded by scripture, scripture serving as a magnifying-glass for the former.[2] This relation, says Brunner, is especially true of the knowledge of the divine will, of the law and the ordinances of nature. "We know God's law in reason and in conscience. This *lex naturae* is in content identical with the *lex scripta*, even if the *lex scripta* is necessary in order to make the (so to speak) faded scripture of the *lex naturae* perfectly clear again."[3] To this Karl Barth has replied that, although Calvin spoke of a *duplex cognitio Domini* from creation and in Christ, whenever he spoke of a natural knowledge of God from creation, he only said what Romans 1: 19ff.; 2: 14f.; Acts 14: 5f.; 17: 24f. have said about it; that he never ascribed to the heathen or to Christians a second source of revelation beside the Holy Scriptures, and that his theology was fundamentally exposition of scripture and not anthropology, not historical and natural philosophy as well.[4] Calvin taught, says Barth, that the possibility of a real knowledge of the true God from creation by the natural man is an objective possibility with God but not a subjective possibility with man.[5]

[1] *Natur und Gnade* (2nd ed., 1935), 25. [2] *Ibid.*, 25. [3] *Ibid.*, 26.
[4] "Nein! Antwort an Emil Brunner," in *Theologische Existenz heute*, No. XIV, 41f. [5] *Ibid.*, 42.

The possibility which man actually possesses is to know and to worship the gods of his own heart.[6] Barth contends that according to Calvin the knowledge of God in Christ includes in it a real knowledge of the true God in creation.[7] He admits, however, that one will not find in the *Institutes* an express rejection of the temptation to look for a pre-Christian knowledge of God in an existing kernel of truth and then to align it systematically with the Christian knowledge of God under the heading of a preparation or the like. In order to understand that this would be an impossible procedure for Calvin, one must keep before one's eyes his doctrine of Christ, of the enslaved will, of justification, and (above all) the fact that in his controversies with ancient philosophies he abstained from such systematic arrangements, and consistently spoke of the theological ineptitude of the natural man.[8]

Such are the positions of the two men in relation to Calvin's epistemology. The controversy, which has already been translated from continental to English-speaking countries, can be best allayed by an examination of the Calvin texts themselves.[9] Such an examination would seem to support the following argument:

1. God bears witness to Himself as Creator and Preserver in manifold manifestations, chiefly in man himself but also in nature and history.

2. Man should know God by means of these testimonies of God in himself and in nature and in history. For these testimonies are knowable to man in principle.

3. Although in principle God is knowable and wants to be known by means of His testimonies in creation, man by his own guilt is completely blind in regard to the knowledge of God and the divine will. Anthropology, philosophies of nature and history, the heathen religions, and the metaphysics of reason suppress the truth and blaspheme God.

4. God the Creator and His commandment can only be known by us in His special revelation. This special revelation is God's own Word in Jesus Christ through the Holy Spirit.

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[6] *Ibid.*, 43. [7] *Ibid.*, 44. [8] *Ibid.*, 38f.

[9] This service has been rendered by two European scholars: Peter Brunner, "Allgemeine u. besondere Offenbarung in Calvins Institutio" in *Evangelische Theologie*, August, 1934, and Peter Barth, "Das Problem der natuerlichen Theologie bei Calvin," in *Theologische Existenz heute*, No. XVIII. (These men are not to be confused with their more illustrious namesakes—Emil Brunner and Karl Barth.) I am indebted to their labours in this present work, having closely followed Brunner's approach to the subject while supplementing his citations with references to Calvin's commentaries and tracts. All quotations have been taken from editions of the Calvin Translation Society, instituted in 1843.

I

Man himself is a witness to his Creator and Preserver in that it is obvious that his endowments are not from himself but subsist in God alone.[10] The testimonies of God in man have not been entirely erased by his fall. Although the light of intelligence is "so smothered by clouds of darkness that it cannot shine forth to any good effect, to charge the intellect with perpetual blindness is repugnant not only to the Word of God but to common experience."[11] The labours of law-givers, philosophers, logicians, medical, and mathematical scientists point to the Spirit of God, who is "the only fountain of truth."[12]

It has pleased God, moreover, "so to manifest His perfections in the whole structure of the universe, and daily place Himself in our view, that we cannot open our eyes without being compelled to behold Him. His essence, indeed, is incomprehensible, utterly transcending all human thought; but on each of His works His glory is engraven in characters so bright, that none, however dull and illiterate, can plead ignorance as their excuse."[13] God's goodness is to be seen in the "annual return of the seasons,"[14] His beneficence in the fruit of the earth,[15] His power in the wonders of nature,[16] His providence in the whole government of nature.[17] God also testifies to His providence in the administration of human society and hence in history.[18] He is the Lord of history. History in and of itself is not dark but a "glorious theatre."[19] (It is man's view of history which is completely dark.) Even when a kindly providence seems obscure in history because the righteous are brought into affliction and the wicked prosper, history bears an eschatalogical witness to eternity, to a future life.[20]

[10] *Institutes of Religion*, I, 1, 1. "Certain philosophers have not improperly called man a microcosm, as being a rare specimen of divine power, wisdom and goodness" (I, 5, 3). Cf. I, 2, 2; I, 15, 2; I, 16, 6 and 7; II, 2, 12; II, 2, 14 and 17; also Comm. on Psalm 8 and 139.

[11] *Institutes*, II, 2, 12. [12] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 15.

[13] *Ibid.*, I, 5, 1. Cf. I, 5, 10; I, 5, 6; and the Dedication and Argument of Commentaries on Genesis; Psalm 104: 1f., 25; 19: 1, 8; 29: 9.

[14] Comm. on Psalm 65: 11. [15] Comm. on Psalm 85: 12; 104: 14ff.

[16] Comm. on Psalm 29: 3. [17] Comm. on Psalm 29: 9.

[18] *Institutes*, I, 5, 7-8. [19] *Ibid.*, I, 5, 8. [20] *Ibid.*, I, 5, 10.

II

Concerning knowledge of God Calvin writes: "By knowledge of God I understand that by which we not only conceive that there is a God, but also apprehend what it is for our interest, and conducive to His glory, what, in short, it is befitting, to know concerning Him. For properly speaking, we cannot say that God is known where there is no religion and piety."[21] But has the knowledge of God on the basis of His manifestations in creation ever become a reality in the mankind known to us? Has this *religio* and *pietas* ever been a reality? The answer must be in the negative, as we shall show in the next section of this paper. Yet this knowledge was once a possibility. God's testimonies in creation are knowable and would have been rightly known by man if he had not lost his original state. "Had Adam stood upright"—that is the sign by which the knowability of God on the basis of His manifestations in nature and history must be understood.[22] The objective possibility of the knowledge of God on the basis of His manifestations in creation is established (1) by the doctrine of the *sensus divinitatis*, (2) by the actual presence of certain "minute particles of truth." "That there exists in the human mind, and indeed by natural instinct, some sense of deity, we hold to be beyond dispute, since God Himself, *to prevent any man from pretending ignorance*, has endued all men with some idea of His Godhead, the memory of which He constantly renews and occasionally enlarges, that all to a man being aware that there is a God, that He is their Maker, *may be condemned by their own conscience* when they neither worship Him nor consecrate their lives to His service."[23] Even idolatry is ample evidence of this fact,[24] which is not affected by degrees of civilization.[25] Nature itself will not allow anyone to forget the sense of God, though many strive to do so with all their might.[26]

[21] *Ibid.*, I, 2, 1. Cf. I, 2, 2; I, 2, 3; I, 4, 2. Here it is not a question of the knowledge of God as Reconciler in Christ; that is obviously reserved for the special revelation in scripture. It is the knowledge that "God our Maker supports us by His power, rules us by His providence, fosters us by His goodness and visits us with all kinds of blessings" (*Institutes*, I, 2, 1).

[22] *Ibid.*, I, 2, 1. [23] *Ibid.*, I, 3, 1.

[24] *Ibid.*, I, 3, 1. "Since there has never been, from the very first, any quarter of the globe, any city, any household even, without religion, this amounts to a tacit confession that a sense of deity is inscribed on every heart."

[25] *Ibid.*, I, 3, 1. [26] *Ibid.*, I, 3, 3. Cf. I, 4, 2.

The objective possibility of the knowledge of God would remain dubious, however, if bits of natural knowledge of God did not exist here and there.[27] "The Lord has bestowed on the philosophers some slight perception of His Godhead, that they might not plead ignorance as an excuse for their impiety, and has, at times, instigated them to deliver some truths, the confession of which should be their own condemnation. . . . Nevertheless their discernment was not such as to lead them to the truth. . . . Besides, how many monstrous falsehoods intermingle with those minute particles of truth scattered up and down in their writings as if by chance."[28] Thus man must bear the guilt of corrupting the seed of divine knowledge so wondrously deposited in his mind.[29]

III

"Bright, however, as is the manifestation which God gives both of Himself and His immortal kingdom in the mirror of His works, so great is our stupidity, so dull are we in regard to these bright manifestations, that we derive no benefit from them."[30] Genuine self-knowledge should lead us to perceive how great the excellence of our nature would have been if its integrity had remained, and would cause us to refrain from all confidence in our own powers. Instead, man regards God's gifts to him as his own possession, as an excellence and dignity of man himself. He makes of the heavenly gifts a ground for boasting and self-reliance.[31] When men survey the heavens and the earth, they overlook the Creator and content themselves with His works.[32] This overlooking of God consists in the fact that "we substitute monstrous fictions for the one living and true God."[33] The name of God is suppressed by substituting nature as the architect of the universe. Supernatural events which are occurring every day are not ascribed to the ruling providence of God but to "the blind evolutions of the wheel of chance."[34] Even when, under the guidance and

[27]For the following see *ibid.*, II, 2, 18. Cf. I, 5, 14 and I, 2, 1.

[28]*Ibid.*, II, 2, 18.

[29]*Ibid.*, I, 5, 15. Calvin reiterates his doctrine that the objective knowability of God the Creator robs man of every pretext and excuse, in his treatment of Hebrews 11: 3; Romans 1: 19; Acts 17: 27 and 14: 16-17, and in the *Institutes* I, 5, 14. Cf. also his Comm. on Acts 14: 17 and 17: 27.

[30]*Institutes*, I, 5, 11. [31]*Ibid.*, II, 1, 1 and II, 1, 2. Cf. I, 5, 4.

[32]*Ibid.*, I, 5, 11. [33]*Ibid.*, I, 5, 11. Cf. I, 5, 4. [34]*Ibid.*, I, 5, 4 and I, 5, 11.

direction of historical events, we are driven to the contemplation of God and to form some impressions of deity, we immediately manufacture "carnal dreams and depraved fictions."[35] Man's "view of God" is always an image, an idol which he has made according to his own flesh. The conception of God which we make on the basis of a supposed revelation of God in nature and history, recognizable by us, is a pure invention. "Almost every man has his own god. Like water gushing forth from a large and copious spring, immense crowds of gods have issued from the human mind, every man giving himself full licence, and devising some form of divinity to meet his own views."[36] Apart from the Triune God it makes little difference whether one holds the existence of one God or a plurality of Gods, one has nothing but an execrable idol.[37] The endless varieties of religious experience are abundant evidence of the blindness of the human mind.[38]

But does not man possess a reason by whose power he can penetrate the gloomy world of superstition and lay hold of the metaphysical and ethical content of the religious life in its purity? Reason, Calvin would says, is capable of knowing truth in earthly things,—politics, economics, the mechanical arts, and the liberal studies.[39] This reason distinguishes man from the lower animals. But God has set strict limits to it. For in regard to the things of God men are "blinder than moles."[40] The scientific reason errs and blasphemes God when it oversteps its boundaries and wants to fit the facts and problems established by it into a metaphysically supported view of the world, and especially when it seeks to achieve a view of God. "The flesh has no capacity for such sublime wisdom as to apprehend God, and the things of God, unless illumined by His Spirit."[41]

[35] *Ibid.*, I, 5, 11. [36] *Ibid.*, I, 5, 12.

[37] *Ibid.*, I, 4, 3. Cf. the criticism of heathen religions in all their lower and higher stages of development in *Institutes*, I, 5, 13. P. Brunner points out that it is no accident that in Book I, chap. XIII, on "The Unity of the Divine Essence in Three Persons," follows immediately after the chapter on "God Distinguished from Idols, that He Might Be the Exclusive Object of Worship." For the Trinity is decisive in the question about God or idols. Cf. Comm. on Genesis 43: 23f.

[38] *Institutes*, I, 5, 12.

[39] "Since man by nature is a social animal, he is disposed from natural instinct to cherish and preserve society; and accordingly we see that the minds of all men have impressions of civil order and honesty" (*Ibid.*, II, 2, 13. Cf. II, 2, 14).

[40] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 18ff. [41] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 19.

The capacity of the practical reason, however, seems to reach further. Does not conscience know the commandment of the Creator? Has not the *lex naturalis* been laid in the hearts of the heathen? Have they not a rational human nature and conscience? It is true, Calvin would say, that the very things contained in the Two Tables of the Law are in a manner dictated to us by that internal law which is written and stamped on every heart."[42] But how far is God's commandment actually known? As far and no further, Calvin would answer, as the testimonies of God in nature and history are known. The *lex naturalis* does testify to the objective knowability of the commandment of the Creator, of which commandment man is factually ignorant, and it accordingly renders man guilty before God. The natural law is chiefly conscience. Conscience is the discrimination between what is right and wrong, good and evil, without thereby determining what actually (i.e., in God's eyes) is right and wrong, good and evil. "It reminds us of what we owe to God, points out the distinction between good and evil, and thereby convicts us of departure from duty. But man, being immured in the darkness of error, is scarcely able, by means of that natural law, to form any tolerable idea of the service which is acceptable to God."[43]

The discriminating activity of conscience expresses itself in certain general moral judgments in which a particular action is denoted good or evil. It invites the question whether or not there is a certain agreement in content between the natural law which it discerns and the law of God. And in answering this question the following points are to be observed.

1. The general judgment upon what is concretely good and evil is not in every case healthy and correct. Conscience fulfils its divine purpose, however, even if in individual cases it does not speak the truth to man.[44]

2. There are general judgments in which the distinguishing activity of conscience calls evil what God's commandment also calls evil, e.g., murder and adultery. But when ethical thought advances from this general rule to judgment of a single concrete act, in many cases the general rule loses force and the act is justified in one way or another. Thus the truth is consciously suppressed.[45]

3. Although in some cases the natural law does concur with the

[42] *Ibid.*, II, 8, 1.
[43] *Ibid.*, II, 8, 1. Cf. II, 2, 24; I, 5, 15; I, 15, 8.
[44] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 24.
[45] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 23.

commandments of the Second Table, yet it never attains to the commandments of the First Table.[46] The virtues which deceive us by an empty show may have their praise in civil society and the common intercourse of life, but before the judgment-seat of God they will have no value to establish a claim to righteousness.[47]

4. When in some cases the natural law does agree with the Second Table, it is to be understood as a work of the preserving grace of God, by which mankind is saved from destruction within the universal corruption. God "lays men under such restraint as may prevent them from breaking forth to a degree incompatible with the preservation of the established order of things."[48] Moreover, the motives which move men to practise an outward agreement with the Second Table are often not righteous. "No matter how much men may disguise their impurity, some are restrained only by shame, others by a fear of the laws, from breaking out into many kinds of wickedness. Some aspire to an honest life, as deeming it most conducive to their interest, while others are raised above the vulgar lot, that by the dignity of their station they may keep inferiors to their duty. Thus God, by His Providence, curbs the perverseness of nature, preventing it from breaking forth into action, yet without rendering it inwardly pure."[49]

The natural law, then, has a judging function in that it testifies to the knowability of the divine commandment in principle,[50] and a preserving function in the sphere of the general preservation of the world by God's providence. But the practical reason fails completely when it is a matter of the actual knowledge of God's commandment.[51]

IV

Since man is completely blind in regard to the knowledge of God and the divine will, "it remains that God Himself must bear

[46] "The first foundation of righteousness undoubtedly is the worship of God. When it is subverted, all the other parts of righteousness, like a building rent asunder, and in ruins, are racked and scattered. . . . Nor is religion the principal part merely: it is the very soul by which the whole lives and breathes. Without the fear of God, men do not even observe justice and charity among themselves" (*Institutes*, II, 8, 11). Cf. II, 2, 24. [47] *Ibid.*, II, 3, 4. [48] *Ibid.*, II, 3, 3.

[49] *Ibid.*, II, 3, 3 and 4; II, 2, 24. Cf. Comm. on Genesis 8: 21.

[50] *Institutes*, II, 2, 22. Cf. I, 3, 1.

[51] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 25. Cf. Comm. on Habakkuk 1: 16 and on Gospel of St. John 3: 6.

witness to Himself from heaven."[52] Now it might appear that Calvin's meaning is that one begins with God's testimonies in creation and, failing to know Him perfectly in that way, proceeds to His revelation in the Word. But he insists: "If true religion is to beam upon us, our principle must be that it is necessary to begin with heavenly teaching, and that it is impossible for any man to obtain even the minutest portion of right and sound doctrine without being a disciple of Scripture."[53] What the men of the Bible possessed in the way of a knowledge of God the Creator (quite apart from their knowledge of God the Reconciler) was from the Word.[54] Everything that we have said about God's testimonies in creation in the first section of this paper is to be understood strictly as *scriptural* doctrine. Moses' knowledge of God in creation was not the result of speculation about the universe but of a hearing of the Word. The psalmist was not a nature-poet. Such psalms as the one in which he testified that the heavens declare the glory of God are not the result of observation and reflection upon his environment but are derived from faith in God's Word.[55]

Wherefore it follows that, although God's testimonies in creation render men "without excuse," yet they do not know that they are "without excuse" until God's Word comes and reveals it unto them. The general or natural revelation which condemns man is included in the special revelation; it is part and parcel of the prophetic-apostolic witness. For the knowledge of God in creation is included in the knowledge of God in His Word; or better, the knowledge of God in creation takes place only with the scripture as Guide and Teacher.[56] Calvin uses the following simile to illustrate his meaning: "For as the aged, or those whose sight is defective, when any book, however fair, is set before them, though they perceive that there is something written, are scarcely able to make out two consecutive words, but, when aided by glasses, begin to read distinctly, so Scripture, gathering together the impressions of Deity, which, till then, lay confused in our minds, dissipates the darkness, and shows us the true God clearly."[57] Calvin's meaning

[52] *Institutes*, I, 5, 13. Cf. I, 6, 4; I, 6, 1; I, 6, 2. [53] *Ibid.*, I, 6, 2.
[54] *Ibid.*, I, 6, 1. [55] See Comm. on Psalm 19: 7f.
[56] The very title of the sixth chapter of Book I of the *Institutes* excludes a natural theology: "The Need of Scripture as a Guide and Teacher, in Coming to God as a Creator." [57] *Institutes*, I, 6, 1.

is not that the Christian, having been once illumined by the Word, now possesses "the right natural knowledge of God," and least of all that this "right natural knowledge of God" is "an important supplement to the knowledge of God in Scripture," which "even the man instructed by God's Word cannot dispense with."[58] For Calvin nowhere teaches that man's reason, after having been enlightened, can then supplement what has been given in scripture, so that there could be a "Christian" philosophy of nature and history, a "Christian" anthropology and psychology. Calvin declares: "Christ is that image in which God presents to our view, not only His heart, but also His hands and feet. I give the name of His *heart* to that secret love with which He embraces us in Christ; by His *hands* and *feet* I understand those works of His which are displayed before our eyes. As soon as we depart from Christ, there is nothing, be it ever so gross or insignificant in itself, respecting which we are not necessarily deceived."[59] He insists that "it is necessary to apply to scripture, in order to learn the sure marks which distinguish God, as the Creator of the world, from the whole herd of fictitious gods,"[60] and that we "must go to the Word, where the character of God, drawn from His works, is described accurately and to life,—these works being estimated, not by our depraved judgment, but by the standard of eternal truth."[61]

When hitherto we have spoken of the knowledge of God the Creator separately, it has been because of a formal and logical necessity. Actually God is never known as the Creator alone but always also as Reconciler and Redeemer.[62] That was true even for the patriarchs.[63] Hence faith in "God the Father Almighty Maker of heaven and earth" proceeds alone from faith in Him who "suffered under Pontius Pilate," and theology is only possible as Christology.

As with the knowledge of God the Creator and Reconciler, so the knowledge of the divine will is given only in the Word. "As a necessary remedy, both for our dullness and contumacy, the

[58] *Versus* E. Brunner, *Natur u. Gnade*, pp. 15, 25.

[59] The Argument in the Comm. on Genesis.

[60] *Institutes*, I, 6, 1. [61] *Ibid.*, I, 6, 3.

[62] "Since our fall from life unto death, all that knowledge of God the Creator, of which we have discoursed, would be useless were it not followed up by faith holding forth God to us as a Father in Christ" (*Institutes*, II, 6, 1). Cf. II, 6, 4; Comm. on Hebrews 11:3 and on Jonah 1:5.

[63] *Institutes*, I, 6, 1.

Lord has given us His written law, which by its sure attestations removes the obscurity of the law of nature."[64] It is impossible for us to give here a detailed treatment of Calvin's conception of God's will as developed in his exposition of the Ten Commandments in the *Institutes* II, 8, or in his description of the Christian life in II, 6-10. Suffice it to say that, although Calvin is aware of higher and lower forms of pagan morality, he himself never advances a natural ethic. Calvin, moreover, knows of no spheres of the Christian's life in which the scripture is not the only rule of faith and life. And since the Christian life is one of faith the way of obedience is to be found ever again in the concrete situation in which the Christian finds himself.[65]

But the final and decisive door which Calvin closes to a natural knowledge of God is his doctrine of the Holy Spirit. For apart from the work of the Holy Spirit it might be possible to conceive of the knowledge which God gives in His Word or in Christ as a limited and specialized form of a natural knowledge of God. This could be conceived in two ways. First, Jesus Christ and the scriptures could be regarded as merely a part of the natural world, of human history and literature, and therefore knowable in the way in which all purely natural objects are known. Or, secondly, the subjective reality and possibility of revelation could be thought of as resting in the natural man. Calvin's doctrine of the Holy Spirit definitely excludes either of these two ways of viewing revelation.

Calvin clears up the first of these possible misconceptions when he teaches: "The prophets did not speak at their own suggestion, but, being organs of the Holy Spirit, they only uttered what they had been commissioned from heaven to declare. . . . The law and the Prophets are not a doctrine delivered according to the will and pleasure of men, but dictated by the Holy Spirit."[66]

For Calvin this inspiration of the scriptures, which denies a natural knowledge of God to the biblical authors themselves, is not a *datum* or working principle which can be assumed by us. It is known and acknowledged ever again in the present operation of the same Holy Spirit. He continues: "If it be objected, How can this be known? I answer, both to disciples and to teachers,

[64] *Ibid.*, II, 8, 2.

[65] *Ibid.*, II, 2, 25. Calvin's is an ethic of grace based on the revealed will of God in scripture (*Ibid.*, II, 6, 1).

[66] Comm. on II Timothy 3: 16.

God is made known to be the Author of it by the revelation of the same Spirit. . . . The same Spirit who made Moses and the prophets certain of their calling, now also testifies to our hearts, that He has employed them as His servants to instruct us."[67]

The subjective reality and possibility of the knowledge of God, Calvin teaches, is the *Holy* Spirit and not the spirit of man. "A simple external manifestation of the Word ought to be amply sufficient to produce faith, did not our blindness and perverseness prevent. But such is the proneness of our mind to vanity, that it can never adhere to the truth of God, and such its dulness, that it is always blind even in His light. Hence without the illumination of the Spirit the Word has no effect; and hence also it is obvious that faith is something higher than human understanding."[68] Moreover, it is not enough for the mind to be illumined by the Spirit of God unless the heart is also strengthened by His power.[69] "The next thing necessary is, that what the mind has imbibed be transferred into the heart. The Word is not received in faith when it merely flutters in the brain, but when it has taken deep root in the heart, and becomes an invincible bulwark to withstand and repel all the assaults of temptation. But if the illumination of the Spirit is the true source of understanding in the intellect, much more manifest is His agency in the confirmation of the heart; inasmuch as there is more distrust in the heart than blindness in the mind: and it is more difficult to inspire the soul with security than to imbue it with knowledge."[70]

[67]Comm. on II Timothy 3:16. Cf. I, 7, 4; I, 7, 5; I, 9, 4.
[68]*Institutes*, III, 2, 33. Cf. III, 2, 34.
[69]*Ibid.*, III, 2, 33. [70]*Ibid.*, III, 2, 36.

2HENRY IV AND THE THEME OF TIME

BENJAMIN T. SPENCER

ONE of the oldest of Shakespearean cruxes is Hal's renunciation of Falstaff, as Professor Shaaber's edition of the New Variorum of *2Henry IV* reminds us, with the reprinting of the numerous commentaries devoted to it during the past two centuries. With Rowe's testimony at the beginning of the eighteenth century that he was sorry to see Hal use Falstaff "so scurvily" and with Doctor Johnson's rebuttal to the effect that if properly viewed the rejection will cause "no great pain," the two poles of the controversy were fixed. In such apologists for Falstaff as Hazlitt, Bradley, Bridges, and Bradby, Shakespeare is censured for "the sudden dismissal"; there is implied, and sometimes expressed, the view that "the dramatist has missed what he aimed at," that "on this occasion . . . he has nodded." Other critics have reverted to extra-dramatic speculation and have sought to exculpate Shakespeare through historical and literary sources. Yet the crux is so genuine and the play is in its very essence so wholly the embodiment and expression of what is involved in the renunciation scene that no statement can entirely resolve it. The crux here, as in *Hamlet*, is evidence of the success of the play as a complete expression of experience, not of its failure. It implies neither Shakespeare's technical ineptness nor a Machiavellian heart and mind, but merely his "negative capability," to employ the useful Keatsian phrase. Therefore it cannot be resolved in any terms approaching poetic justice. It can be clarified, I believe, through exploration of what is implicit in the renunciation scene in terms of the play itself.

Indispensable to Shakespeare and omnipresent in his work is the concept of "time." Occurring in *2Henry IV* in forty-three instances, only in *1Henry IV*, *Cymbeline* and *Hamlet* is the word found as often, and in those plays it tends to be used in the first rather than the second sense in which Shakespeare employed it: in the first it concretely refers to specific occasions or eras; in the second it is regarded as an entity or force, abstractly or metaphysically conceived. An understanding of the first use is obviously necessary in determining the concrete references in the passages in which it occurs; but even more requisite for a proper

construing of certain of Shakespeare's works in which it is central, is an inquiry into the signification of the more elusive second sense, as every careful reader of the sonnets knows. Some of Shakespeare's uses and conceptions of time in this latter sense have been noted by Miss Spurgeon in her well-known study of Shakespeare's imagery: as a disentangler of truth and falsehood; as a begetter of good and evil; as a destructive power with a variable speed. Yet she has not examined the extent to which characters in *2Henry IV* are conscious of time, nor has she suggested the especial and inclusive sense in which the theme of time dominates the play. To explore this recurrent use does not revolutionize the interpretation of the tendency of the play, for indeed that would signalize the failure of Shakespeare's art; but it does reinforce certain readings hitherto proposed and it enables one to ascertain more specifically, I believe, motives and pressures by which the characters are moved and also the complex of issues involved in the rejection scene.

Omitting, therefore, such references to time in the play as Northumberland's "The times are wild" (I, i, 9) or Falstaff's "these costermonger times" (I, ii, 191), which refer to actual conditions of an historical period, one finds throughout the play among all the characters a special consciousness of the demands of time. Enraged and cynical old Northumberland regards it as an accomplice of spite, the two bringing in "the ragged'st hour," which one must be prepared to meet with courage (I, i, 151). Later, as a somewhat fearful opportunist, he again acknowledges the power of time to fix human destiny, and accordingly he delays conjunction with the other rebels on the grounds that he must wait "Till time and vantage crave my company" (II, iii, 68). King Henry IV more sombrely and religiously sees time as the inevitable flux of all things, a "book of fate" wherein one can perceive "the revolution of the times Make mountains level, and the continent . . . melt itself Into the sea" (III, i, 45-49). Warwick also sees a fatalistic pattern running through "the times deceas'd" and affecting man as well as nature, so that one may prophesy the future from "the hatch and brood of time" (III, i, 81-6). Hence it is natural for him to prophesy that "in the perfectness of time" (IV, iv, 74) Hal will cast off his rowdy followers. To Morton the chief characteristic of time is its swiftness, which serves as a ceaseless goad and will give man no rest (I, i, 187). This relentless pressure of time

is also felt by the Archbishop, who is moved to compare it to a great stream, a "rough torrent of occasion" which sweeps man along with it (IV, i, 70-2) and subjects his intentions to "when time shall serve" for their fulfilment. Likewise he later speaks of his faction's being crowded and crushed "to this monstrous form" by the "time misorder'd" (IV, ii, 33-4), although here the sense veers away from the abstract toward the concrete, as it does in Westmoreland's contention that it is not the King but "the time . . . that doth you injuries" (IV, i, 105-6). With something of the same suggestion of time as fate, however, the Chief Justice, like the less disciplined characters of the play, prepares "to welcome the condition of the time" (V, ii, 11). Even the young Duke of Clarence is conscious of the inevitable revolutions wrought by time, as is his father, and he speaks of "the old folk, time's doting chronicles" (IV, iv, 126).

It is the words of Hastings at the end of Act I, however, which most completely comprehend the sense in which time undergirds the structure of the play: "We are Time's subjects, and Time bids be gone" (I, iii, 110). Here is suggested most adequately that adjustment of human intention to the rigid necessity of time which constitutes the realism adopted by Hal at the end of the drama. What is more significant, Hal avows the same view of time as he confesses his weariness to Poins and sadly recognizes his obligation to forswear his old, carefree life and assume the duties of the world of affairs: "Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us" (II, ii, 154-6). The same consciousness of time as the omnipresent gauge of his acts he soon voices again: "By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time" (II, iv, 395-6). And having reached this conclusion, it is not strange that he abruptly cries, "Falstaff, good night." Indeed, here is the real renunciation scene in the play.

Falstaff's relation to time is more obliquely portrayed. Whereas the political figures of the play acknowledge and defer to the mighty potentialities of time, Falstaff rather regards it with an unmitigated dread. To him it is the ultimate horror of life which must be evaded. Its insatiable maw is the fearful consumer not of beauty, as in the sonnets, but of the animal vitality which is the essence of life. Hence he reminds the aging Chief Justice of the peril in the "saltness of time" (I, ii, 112). Only once, when discussing the senile Shallow and the assault which he plans to make

on the old dotard's wealth, does Falstaff's resignation to the dictates of time seem to parallel that of the other characters: "Let time shape, and there an end" (III, ii, 359-60). For rather than through explicit statements Falstaff's concern with time is brought out in those scenes in the play where he is conscious that time is fast enervating his old body and destroying his very life. "I am old, I am old," he reminds Doll (II, iv, 294), and when she suggests that he patch up his old body for heaven, he pleads that she "not bid me remember mine end" (II, iv, 255-6). Similarly in the scenes with Justice Shallow, Falstaff cannot endure the Justice's reminiscences of the irrecoverable indulgences of their youth and abruptly commands that there be "No more of that" (III, ii, 209). Falstaff has brilliantly devoted himself to turning his back on time, to evading it rather than meeting it, through a life of sensual satisfaction and whimsical sophistry. Throughout the play there are increasing signs that his evasions have been in vain.

From all these instances the conclusion that time is central in the structure of the play and constitutes a version of the dramatic problem seems inescapable. Not only does nearly every major character by explicit statement evidence a constant concern with time, but also Shakespeare gives further emphasis to it by devoting the closing lines of three scenes (I, iii; II, iii; III, ii) to memorable statements of its power. Though shades and variations in its purport are present—it is sometimes the challenger of human desires, sometimes an intruder into the human scene from another realm, sometimes an inscrutable enemy thwarting human hopes, sometimes a maze through which blinded man stumbles to frustration—inclusively time is regarded as something against which man must pit himself. It is a hovering, a relentless agent in human affairs. Therefore, Hal's rejection of Falstaff, as the crucial scene in the drama, cannot well be interpreted apart from so persistent a theme. In fact, it is the frame of reference in which the drama is set. In other words, the subject of *2Henry IV* is man against time.

Hal's two speeches to Poins on time are notably consistent and show not only that Shakespeare had integrally imagined his character but also that early in the play Hal is brooding over his relation to time and is earnestly moving toward a solution of it. He has come to view his existence as constituted of "precious time," a brief span not to be profaned by private inaction, as it is

by his companions of the Boar's Head who "play the fools with the time" and in their attempt to find oblivion are mocked by "the spirits of the wise." It might be said that Hal has come to view time quantitatively and objectively and absolutely, whereas Falstaff persists (like Cleopatra: "Give me to drink mandragora. . . That I might sleep out this great gap of time My Antony is away") in a qualitative and subjective and relative view. Time has ceased to become a function of the imagination for Hal, and has become a function of the will. Falstaff's pervasive scepticism as to the worth of social action could only issue in an idle profanation of "the precious time," for social action implies a constructive use of time and a belief in progress. What Hal renounces in renouncing Falstaff is a whole complex of attitudes (one cannot say values), a complex which can most readily be explored through the recurrent theme of time in the play. Falstaff conceives of time, like honour, as but a name, relatively conditioned by the mind of man. Hal, like the other public figures of the play, convinced of the reality of time, is impelled toward a life of action and public achievement as the most valid human effort to counteract the power of time. Hal's political realism is merely another name for his belief in the reality of time.

In some such fashion, I believe, an exploration of the theme of time clarifies, but does not solve, the old Shakespearean crux of the renunciation scene. It affords additional evidence of the careful artistry with which Shakespeare has created the drama, of his careful adherence to a dominant intention, of a dramatic structure given coherence and unity through thematic iteration and interplay. It seems to me to absolve the dramatist of Bradley's charge, that he missed what he aimed at; and it absolves Hal (and incidentally Shakespeare) of callousness,—the ending of the play does not sacrifice the Prince's character, as John Middleton Murry contends. For it becomes clear that from the first of the play Hal's essential struggle has been to determine the nature of time, that reluctantly he decides to forgo the timeless world of "the poor creature, small beer" (II, ii, 11-14), and that his rejection of Falstaff is no sudden irascible display of temper and pride, as Bradley suggests, but the measure of his own stern determination to neither evade nor succumb to time.

Shakespeare's artistic success in his great history plays came at his own peril, for in creating Falstaff he created a comic world

which was incompatible with the real world of English history; and this latter world as a patriotic Elizabethan he could not finally mock or humiliate by dramatic subordination. Having expanded the chronicle-history into a flexible art form, he found himself by his very success imperilling the serious nationalistic implications which his time and his theatre demanded. He was forced, therefore, into a choice of concluding his history cycle on one of two planes: that of comedy or that of history. He chose the latter; that is, he chose the world of time. But there is no abrupt wrench into that latter world, as both Bradley and Murry contend, for throughout the play the demands and nature of time are constantly stressed as also is the failure of Falstaff's policy of evasion, with his consequent degeneration. The rejection is neither pathetic nor comic, but historical, and that not merely in the sense that, as Priestley has observed, it "shows us what happened." In a larger sense it shows us what does happen, and in giving us this knowledge leaves the crux of actuality for the perennial reflection and delight of aftertimes. As in Molnár's *The Swan* and Cabell's *The King Was in His Counting House*, the chief character deliberately reverts to what Cabell calls the "tyranny of time and common sense." Falstaff's romantic evasions offered to Shakespeare's contemporary audiences a delightful excursion into timelessness, but to leave King Henry V suspended therein would be a peril which would have caused most Elizabethans more uneasiness than the rejection of Falstaff has caused the fat knight's romantic apologists.

REVOLUTION IN THE COLONIES

DONALD COWIE

THAT *industrial revolution* is meant should not detract from the sting of the title; for we are beginning to learn that everywhere rapid industrialization can affect communities more profoundly than the most sanguinary political upheavals. Nearly two centuries ago the industrial revolution came to England; the last war brought it at length to the Dominions; today it is the turn of the most primitive lands, in Africa, Asia, the western and eastern archipelagoes—and some interesting problems have been set thereby, especially for the administrators of the last real British Empire.

The forced draught of an unprecedentally global war has of course been responsible. The mushroom growth of factories and communications which transformed the economy of a Canada during 1914-18, has this time wrought similar changes in a Nigeria and a Ceylon. Thus merely to list the new industries that have been established in the British Colonial Empire since 1939 would require the space of this article—and probably such a degree of blue-pencilling by the Censor as to make the result quite unreadable. It is proposed rather to take a comprehensive view and try to trace the leading tendencies.

The outstanding point may be that industrial revolution has come awkwardly to these latest colonial lands. Factories for the Dominions twenty-five years ago were not incongruous, but the very idea of chimney-stacks and trade-unions in the African jungle is sufficiently startling to reveal the prime weakness of recent developments. Experts asked to pronounce before the war on how long it would take for most of the colonies to become full-fledged industrial states would have replied in terms of decades, perhaps hundreds, of years: the exigences of war have made it necessary to squeeze that normal development into the space, often, of a few months.

Two observations proceed from this initial statement: the first, that recent colonial industrialization may easily be exaggerated, for it cannot as yet have more than scratched the surface of vast, primitive territories; the second, that mushrooms do not live

long, so that once the present abnormal conditions cease to exist there may a temporary end to many colonial enterprises.

Of these observations, the first is probably the more valid. Newspaper readers note that oxide of vanadium has been discovered in Ceylon, and will prove invaluable in the war effort because it is necessary for the manufacture of special alloy and steel for high-speed tools and vanadium bronze for munitions, and because normal world supplies are very limited. Then they read that present exigences have revived the Ceylon rubber industries. And being simultaneously told about the hectic transformation of Ceylon into a forward base for naval and aerial operations against the Japanese in south-east Asia, they form a picture in their minds of a colony which was an unspoilt tropical paradise before the war and is now a Witwatersrand, a Silvertown, a clattering Portsmouth. Whereas the fact is that the vanadium may have so far been delivered only in sample, that the rubber production may be of the more primitive order and very badly organized, and the naval and aerial works confined to certain areas and of the more portable, modern variety.

That also may be something like the truth about developments in many other countries. It was said before the war that the only colonial territories with a reasonable quota of secondary industries were Hongkong and Palestine. Probably this dictum still holds, and while the Hongkong factories are now being worked by the Japanese, those in Palestine have become less and less colonial in status. A public speaker refers to the great possibilities in the East African manufacture of ceramics, bricks, tiles and pottery, as being peculiarly suitable to local conditions, but omits to mention that the chief development so far is that a research committee has explored those possibilities. In some instances rapid industrialization has taken place, has boomed and then disastrously sagged, as in the case of Northern Rhodesian copper mining, hard-hit recently by the British Government's decision to reduce copper purchases between 20 and 25 per cent. Indeed, the fact must be faced that the Colonial Empire is still very much of a Cinderella, called to the ball swiftly enough in emergency and thrown a few fine garments for the purpose, but liable at any moment to be sent home to the kitchen again.

These reservations, however, must not be allowed to weaken the original thesis that the industrial revolution has at last come

to many colonial territories, or to support the view that the phenomenon will end with the war. Consider alone what has been happening in Southern Rhodesia, a unique type of colony, admittedly, but largely undeveloped in 1939. There at least one factory will soon be operating on the Bradford scale to produce between 500,000 and 1,000,000 blankets and rugs a year, the concern almost entirely erected on some £100,000 of local capital. There, also, the most modern plants in the world are already exporting large quantities of dehydrated vegetables and fruits to Britain. And the Prime Minister lately spoke of local industrialization proceeding to such an extent that "a fixed African urban population" would arise, and considerable numbers of skilled European workers would be needed as immigrants after the war. With Kenya growing and packing the world's greatest export of pyrethrum seed, operating brand-new bacon factories, and helping to supply the armies of the Middle East with heavy equipment, it should be evident that "darkest" Africa will not soon renounce the modern light.

And if industrial revolutions are most frequently the product of facilities, then the war has already given colonial territories not only the installations but also the labour and psychological forces for a continuous development.

Kenya's new factories have been mentioned. Still more stimulating to the colony will be the port extensions at Monbasa, and the new Great North Road. The former provides two more deep-water berths at a cost of £500,000. The Great North Road has been built to an all-weather standard at a cost to the War Office of £355,000, for the purpose of completing a through link between South Africa, Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Kenya, Abyssinia and Egypt—the Cape-to-Cairo dream fulfilled at last. Meanwhile, for war purposes, a great labour force has been brought into being in the East African colonies; and they do not easily return to the bush who have known the wage-earner's life. Afterwards they will want similar work, and therefore may well get it, especially as their new tastes and spending-power will enable them to supply their own market.

Perhaps the conditions and facilities which make for industrialization are even more evident in West Africa. Thousands of square miles of primitive, hitherto untapped territory have suddenly been provided with the most modern means of economic

communication, a network of air routes with large up-to-date aerodromes. Fully equipped with control rooms, hangars, buildings and camps, these now extend across Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and the Gambia. But apart from the building of aerodromes, there has been an immense amount of constructional work, in port developments, extension of railways and laying of new lines, improvements to existing roads and the building of new ones, the laying-out of camp sites, and oil installations.

Then consider how these territories will profit from the war-time work done to combat malaria. Through the combined planning of doctors, scientists, engineers and agriculturists, great drainage schemes have been carried through, and on a recent significant date it was announced that in West African hospitals there was not a single airman with malaria. On Nigerian construction works alone, tens of thousands of Africans have been employed—have often earned their first wages and obtained their first taste of what makes the proletariat everywhere. And the Legislative Council of this colony has carried the process one step forward by a remarkable enactment, the "Workers' Charter," which fixes minimum wages in any occupation, regulates conditions of employment, registers industrial workers, and establishes labour exchanges.

Not only do these Africans labour today to open their vast hinterlands by constructing communications; they throng factories which produce building materials, concrete, every kind of woodwork and furniture, leather goods, cotton goods, preserved fruit, and dried fish and meat.

Perhaps to a less conspicuous extent, but nevertheless significantly, the colonies of the British West Indies have been exposed to the same forced draught; and their coloured population has become suddenly alive to the advantages that industrial revolutions can bring. It may be argued that the term "advantages" should be placed in inverted commas in that context, but the process has always been the same. For good or ill, modern peoples are irresistibly attracted towards the factories, the streets, the cheap clothing and the accessible, synthetic amusements. Thus in many colonies the psychological condition for industrialization has been created by the war, and it may be confidently predicted that even when the initial stimulus of the war has been removed, East and West Africans, West and East Indians, will want to continue in

cloth caps, and will so continue whatever the temporary setbacks and depressions.

Many observers argue, however, that the mushroom growth will soon flag because Britain as ruler of these colonial territories will not find it in her own economic interest to encourage the development after the war. They point out that before the war it certainly seemed the British interest to discourage the establishment in the colonies of industries which might compete with home exports to those areas. And probably it is true that industrial Britain will look askance on the repetition in Africa of what has happened in Canada, in Malaya of what has happened in Australia.

But whatever the magnates justifiably feel, they will not translate into positive, obstructionist action. Once they might have done so, but old England in her long experience of imperialism, has learnt some valuable lessons, not the least of which is that strong overseas tendencies are better assisted than obstructed. This is proved by the fact of recent schemes for colonial development, under which (for example) £6,000,000 is being spent in the West Indies to make those islands better fitted in every way to fend for themselves, and £2,000,000 in Kenya (which will also have another £2,000,000 for construction purposes). Every colonial debate in the British Parliament stresses the necessity of economic improvements first.

Table	A.	B.
Japanese Mandate	94.9	97.0
" Colonies	83.1	88.5
U.S. Dependencies (including Philippines)	80.2	96.6
French Colonies	66.7	88.5
German Colonial Empire (1912)	62.1	68.3
Italian Colonies	59.3	65.5
French Mandates	56.4	46.1
Belgian Congo	43.4	71.1
Portuguese Colonies	43.0	49.5
British Colonies	24.4	32.5
British Mandates	17.9	31.4
Netherlands Indies	11.9	17.6

The long-term wisdom of such planning is revealed by a study of the statistics relating to the overseas trade of colonies in the past. The accompanying table for the year 1933 (compiled by the Royal Institute of International Affairs) shows in the first column

(A) the imports into colonial empires from their metropolitan countries, expressed as a percentage of their total imports; and in the second column (B) the exports of colonial empires to their metropolitan countries as a percentage of their total exports to all destinations.

These figures demonstrate conclusively that British home-based industry had a poor market in the colonies before the war—that it could scarcely be poorer by comparison with the colonial markets of most other leading nations—and that if these territories are generously assisted to develop their own secondary industries, then British manufacturers do not stand to lose much, while they may gain considerably by the creation of great new customers for capital goods, machine-tools and luxury products which the most highly-developed colonies will not be able to fabricate themselves.

The conclusion seems inescapable, then, that if colonial industrial development during the war has to a certain extent been exaggerated, it has nevertheless been given a flying start by the war and will probably continue afterwards with generous help from the authorities and from industrial interests at home.

It remains only to record one or two personal views and convictions. Every effort should be made to discourage real mushroom growth in industry, such as is fostered by high protective tariffs and is unrelated to local products or to local markets. The best manufacturing industries for tropical and/or primitive colonies are those which utilize local raw materials, and pre-eminently those which supply real local needs. Any colony ambitious to manufacture ordinary Western goods for world export must consider whether its small factories will be able to compete with the jostling titans of East and West. And, above all, the establishment of colonial customs unions or similar organizations (such as already exists between Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika) should enable the beginners, unlike some unfortunate victims of industrial revolutions, to avoid errors and become to a large extent sufficient unto themselves.

TWO CANADIAN POETS: A LECTURE[1] BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

(With a prefatory note by E. K. Brown)

THE following lecture is the most extended piece of literary criticism by Archibald Lampman yet to appear. It contains notable ideas about the nation and the national literature, expresses a many-sided judgment of Sir Charles Roberts, which will surprise those who have thought of the poets born in the sixties as a group of like-minded men, and closes with an enthusiastic tribute to George Frederick Cameron, whose fame has been under a long eclipse. Since Lampman was composing not an essay but a lecture, he allowed himself to quote very freely, and many of the passages quoted (sometimes almost without comment) are very long; doubtless he depended upon his voice to bring out the importance and relevance of the material, and he may have intended to improvise comment as he went along. In printing the lecture I have suppressed some of the longer quotations, as tending to slow unduly the movement of his thought, or even to obscure it. Punctuation apart, I have made no further change in the manuscript except in supplying a word here and there; these I have set off by square brackets. I wish to thank Mr and Mrs T. R. L. MacInnes, the son-in-law and daughter of the poet, for their kindness in lending to me the note-book containing the text of the lecture and in authorizing the present publication. This particular note-book was not known to me at the time when my essays on Archibald Lampman in At the Long Sault *and* On Canadian Poetry *went to press.*

* * *

In the last twenty years great advances have been made in this country, and many things have been accomplished which are a source of hope and comfort to those who are beginning to feel for Canada the enthusiasm of Fatherland. Already there are many among us whose fathers and grandfathers have lived and died upon this soil, who are neither British, French nor German, but simply Canadians. For them everything connected with the honour and wellbeing of their country has come to be a matter of daily interest. The enthusiasm of Fatherland, the attachment to native soil, the love of the name of our country, is one of those generous impulses

[1]Delivered on the evening of February 19, 1891, at the Library of the Literary and Scientific Society, Ottawa [Note by Archibald Lampman].

which have always been a moral necessity and an encouraging help to people who do not live by bread alone. It is getting rather customary in our time to underrate patriotism as one of the virtues, and to substitute in its place cosmopolitanism or the enthusiasm for the advancement of all mankind, making no distinction in favour of any country. Nothing could be finer than that; but unfortunately our energies, if made to cover too wide a ground, are apt to lose themselves in mere speculation, and to fall short of practical effect. Perhaps it is safer therefore to be interested chiefly in the welfare of our own country, provided that we do nothing to hinder the just advancement of that of others. At any rate the true spirit of patriotism has always been a considerable factor in the best upward movements of the human race. Let us however discountenance blatant patriotism, as we would discountenance everything that is suspicious and ridiculous. Dr Johnson's old saying about patriotism holds true in a new country like ours more markedly than in any other, and there are a greater number of those who find that it pays to be extremely zealous about their Fatherland. Already there is a good deal of talk in the public press which reminds one a little of Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick. At this time when our country's destiny, its very independent existence perhaps, is a matter of doubt and anxiety, it behooves us to be silent and do no boasting, but look seriously about us for the wisest thing to be said and done at each crisis.

A good deal is being said about Canadian literature, and most of it takes the form of question and answer as to whether a Canadian literature exists. Of course it does not. It will probably be a full generation or two before we can present a body of work of sufficient excellence as measured by the severest standards, and sufficiently marked with local colour, to enable us to call it a Canadian literature. It is only within the last quarter of a century that the United States have produced anything like a distinctive American literature. There was scarcely any peculiar literary quality in the work of the age of Longfellow and Hawthorne to mark it decidedly as American. But within the last twenty-five or thirty years, along with the evolution of a marked American race, certain noticeable American peculiarities of mind and character have been developed, which have strongly affected literary expression. Our country is still in the house-building, land-breaking stage, and all its energies must go to the laying of a foundation of material prosperity upon which

a future culture may be built. Those capable minds, which in old and long-civilized countries might be drawn into literature, in Canada are forced into the more practical paths. They are engaged in making fortunes and founding families. Their descendants, the people who shall inherit the fortune, leisure, station, secured by them, will be the writers or the readers of the age when a Canadian literature comes to be. At present our people are too busy to read, too busy at least to read with discernment, and where there are no discerning readers there will be no writers. Also our educational institutions—even our best universities—are yet too raw to develop a literary spirit. All they can now be expected to do is to furnish the country with smart lawyers, competent physicians, able business men. As we advance in age and the settled conditions of life, these things will be gradually changed. There will arise a leisured class, a large body of educated people, who will create a market for literature and a literary atmosphere. And when that happens a literature will be produced for them. If our country becomes an independent, compacted, self-supporting nation, which is, or ought to be, the dream of all of us, its social and climatic conditions will in the course of time evolve a race of people having a peculiar national temperament and bent of mind, and when that is done, we shall have a *Canadian* literature.

It is no doubt futile to speculate on the character of a thing as yet so remote as a Canadian literature; yet one might hazard a thought or two on that subject. We know that climatic and scenic conditions have much to do with the moulding of national character. In the climate of this country we have the pitiless severity of the climate of Sweden, with the sunshine and the sky of the north of Italy, a combination not found in the same degree anywhere else in the world. The northern winters of Europe are seasons of terror and gloom; our winters are seasons of glittering splendour and incomparable richness of colour. At the same time we have the utmost diversity of scenery, a country exhibiting every variety of beauty and grandeur. A Canadian race, we imagine, might combine the energy, the seriousness, the perseverance of the Scandinavians with something of the gayety, the elasticity, the quickness of spirit of the south. If these qualities could be united in a literature, the result would indeed be something novel and wonderful.

But if we have not yet anything that we can call a full Canadian literature, we are not without our writers. Every Canadian who

has read no further than the newspapers has heard of Judge Haliburton, Charles Heavysege, Dr Kingsford, Dr Bourinot, W. D. Lesueur, the Abbé Casgrain, Sir William Dawson, Octave Crémazie, Louis Fréchette, Professor Alexander, Professor Roberts, Miss Machar, Hunter Duvar. These are names of which we have reason to be proud. In the last decade or two a small quantity of work of very decided excellence has been produced by Canadians. If we confine our view to pure literature, a great deal of this small quantity of excellent work has been done in verse. It is natural that the poet should be the most conspicuous product of the awakening literary impulse in a new country like ours. The philosopher, the historian, the critic, the novelist are more likely to represent a long-established civilization. In a new and sparsely settled land the urgent problems of life do not force themselves on the attention of men as they do in the midst of dense populations. Consequently, though they may interest themselves in the study of philosophy as a matter of culture, they are not likely to produce much original work of that sort. The field for the historian is also not very extensive. The critic has no place because he has nothing to examine. Even the novelist is likely to be a later product, for it is in the press of the older civilizations, where life in all its variety throngs about him, that he finds birth, food and stimulus. But for the poet the beauty of external nature and the aspects of the most primitive life are always a sufficient inspiration. On the borders of civilization, the poet is pretty sure to be the literary pioneer. For the poet of external nature no country is richer in inspiration than ours. For the balladist or the narrative writer we have at least as good a field as our neighbours of the United States. For the dramatic poet, if a dramatic poet could be produced in our age, there are, I should think, several excellent subjects in [the] history of old French Canada.

In searching for a subject for this paper I could not think of any upon which I could have greater pleasure in writing than the one I have chosen, viz., the writings in verse of two Canadians, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts and the late George Frederick Cameron. The first is a writer whose marked quality of imagination and powerful gift of style have gained him attention both in England and the United States; but what specially prompted me to choose this subject was a desire to say something of the late Mr Cameron, a writer of a higher order of excellence as judged from the purest

standpoint, of some very remarkable qualities of feeling and expression, who has not, as far as I can learn, attracted the attention he deserves.

As regards Mr Roberts' work, I have always had a personal feeling which perhaps induces me to place a higher estimate upon it in some respects than my hearers will care to accept. To most younger Canadians who are interested in literature, especially those who have written themselves, Mr Roberts occupies a peculiar position. They are accustomed to look up to him as in some sort the founder of a school, the originator of a new era in our poetic activity. I hope my hearers will pardon me, if I go out of my way to illustrate this fact by describing the effect Mr Roberts' poems produced upon me when I first met with them.

It was almost ten years ago, and I was very young, an undergraduate at college. One May evening somebody lent me *Orion and Other Poems*, then recently published. Like most of the young fellows about me I had been under the depressing conviction that we were situated hopelessly on the outskirts of civilization, where no art and no literature could be, and that it was useless to expect that anything great could be done by any of our companions, still more useless to expect that we could do it ourselves. I sat up all night reading and re-reading *Orion* in a state of the wildest excitement and when I went to bed I could not sleep. It seemed to me a wonderful thing that such work could be done by a Canadian, by a young man, one of ourselves. It was like a voice from some new paradise of art calling to us to be up and doing. A little after sunrise I got up and went out into the college grounds. The air, I remember, was full of the odour and cool sunshine of the spring morning. The dew was thick upon the grass. All the birds of our Maytime seemed to be singing in the oaks, and there were even a few adder-tongues and trilliums still blossoming on the slope of the little ravine. But everything was transfigured for me beyond description, bathed in an old-world radiance of beauty [by] the magic of the lines that were sounding in my ears, those divine verses, as they seemed to me, with their Tennyson-like richness and strange, earth-loving, Greekish flavour. I have never forgotten that morning, and its influence has always remained with me.[2]

I am now able to discuss Mr Roberts' deficiencies. I know that

[2]This paragraph has been quoted by Dr Duncan Campbell Scott in his introduction to *Lyrics of Earth* (Toronto, 1925), pp. 8-9.

he lacks tenderness, variety, elasticity, and that he never approaches the nobler attitudes of feeling; yet that early work of his has a special and mysterious charm for me—and it is indeed excellent, of an astonishing gift in workmanship, with passages here and there which in their way are almost unsurpassable.

Almost all the verse-writing published in Canada before the appearance of *Orion* was of a more or less barbarous character. The drama of *Saul* by Charles Heavysege and some of Heavysege's sonnets are about the only exceptions which can be made to this statement. Mr Roberts was the first Canadian writer in verse who united a strong original genius with a high degree of culture and an acute literary judgment. He was the first to produce a style strongly individual in tone, and founded on the study of the best writers. Mr Cameron, although a poet of greater spontaneity, a more passionate force and a much higher range of feeling than Mr Roberts, does not equal him in perfection of style. He neither aimed at nor attained the same artistic excellence of workmanship.

Mr Roberts' work, so far as it is available for purposes of criticism, is contained in two small volumes: the first, *Orion and Other Poems* published in 1880, when he was still an undergraduate of the University of New Brunswick, and not yet twenty years of age; the second, *In Divers Tones*, published in 1887, when he was in his twenty-seventh year. The first volume was of course immature, but it was an immaturity full of promise, and full of exhilaration for the poet's younger contemporaries. Some of the work in it is astonishing indeed for a Canadian schoolboy of eighteen or nineteen. Two of the poems included in this volume, "Memnon" and the "Ode to Drowsihood," had already attracted the admiration of Dr Holland, the late editor of the *Century*, and had been published in that magazine. The second volume, that of 1887, may be considered the work of Mr Roberts' maturity, for he has published nothing as good since. In this the promise of the first was strengthened and in part fulfilled. A few of the poems were remarkable accomplishments, and the workmanship of them all excellent enough to secure Mr Roberts a high place among the writers of the continent.

All Mr Roberts' writing is of a very scholarly character; it is the work of an artist and a student, possessed of a decided original tone of feeling. In each of his volumes, the longest and most important work is a poem in blank verse, the subject chosen from Greek classic legend, "Orion" in the first and "Actaeon" in the second. In

these poems Mr Roberts has won the rare distinction of having succeeded admirably in blank verse—a severe test. The blank verse of "Orion" and "Actaeon" is an interesting study. It has a highly original quality, and at the same time shows a curious mingling of many influences. It is the workmanship of a student of Homer, influenced largely by Milton and Tennyson, somewhat also by Keats and Matthew Arnold. I do not know of any writer, with the exception of Matthew Arnold in his "Balder Dead," who has given to blank verse a more charming touch of Homer than Mr Roberts. His verse is not quite so Homeric in its lightness and swift movement as that of "Balder Dead" but it has more weight and a greater fulness of music. It is touched somewhat with the halt and restraint of Milton, corrected with a spice of the rich impulsiveness of Tennyson's "Œnone." On the whole it is very fine; probably no better has been done on this side of the Atlantic.

The style, which in its immaturity showed so much imagination and intellectual force in "Orion," is developed, pruned and compacted in "Actaeon." Here the verse is full of strength and melody, cleanly wrought and excellently balanced. While reminding one of the Greek, of Tennyson, and of Matthew Arnold, it is so penetrated and coloured by Mr Roberts' own peculiar picturesque quality as to form an altogether original style. The "Actaeon" is certainly the best poem of that kind that has been written in America, and as regards workmanship I think it will stand comparison favourably with Tennyson's "Œnone."

Actaeon, you will perhaps remember, was that prince of Thebes, the pupil of Chiron the Centaur, who, as he was hunting with his fifty hounds on Mount Cithaeron, came upon Diana and her nymphs bathing in a mountain pool. The goddess, stirred with sudden anger at the intrusion, turned him into a stag, and he was torn to pieces by his dogs. Mr Roberts' story is put into the mouth of an old woman of Plataea who tells how she saw the fate of Actaeon with her own eyes as she was searching upon the mountain for herbs. This is the conclusion of her tale:

> I have lived long, and watched out many days,
> Yet have not seen that aught is sweet save life,
> Nor learned that life hath other end than death.
> Thick horror like a cloud had veiled my sight,
> That for a space I saw not, and my ears
> Were shut from hearing; but when sense grew clear

Once more, I only saw the vacant pool
Unrippled,—I only saw the dreadful sward,
Where dogs lay gorged, or moved in fretful search,
Questing uneasily; and some far up
The slope, and some at the low water's edge,
With snouts set high in air and straining throats
Uttered keen howls that smote the echoing hills.
They missed their master's form, nor understood
Where was the voice they loved, the hand that reared,—
And some lay watching by the spear and bow
Flung down.

And now upon the homeless pack
And paling stream arose a noiseless wind
Out of the yellow west awhile, and stirred
The branches down the valley; then blew off
To eastward toward the long gray straits, and died
Into the dark, beyond the utmost verge.

Mr Roberts' genius has in it a strongly pagan, earth-loving instinct, a delight in the mere presence of life and nature for their own sake, a delight half intellectual, half physical, touched with a passionate glow. This quality is most strongly marked in two poems which are also noticeable for their success in an unusual form of verse. The "Tantramar Revisited" and "The Pipes of Pan" are written in the elegiac distich of Tibullus and Ovid, a form which has been transferred into English with good effect. There is a certain passionate stress in it, which makes it specially applicable to descriptive writing of an emotionally meditative and reminiscent character. Lines like the following from "Tantramar Revisited" illustrate our poet's keen sympathy with nature and his strenuous and scholarly gift of expression:

Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minudie.
There are the low blue hills; villages gleam at their feet.
Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim gray masts of fishing boats, dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun!
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea!
Now at this season the nets are unwound; they hang from the rafters
Over the fresh-stowed hay in upland barns, and the wind
Blows all day through the chinks, with the streaks of sunlight and sways them
Softly at will, or they lie heaped in the gloom of a loft.

What a vivid naturalistic expression there is in some of the following lines from the "Pipes of Pan"—a beautiful poem. You will observe what artifice of phrase the poet uses to convey to all the senses of the reader the rank, warm, luxuriant aspect of the spot he is describing.

> Here is a nook. Two rivulets fall to mix with Peneus,
> Loiter a space and sleep, checked and choked by the reeds.
> Long grass waves in the windless water, strown with the lote-leaf;
> Twist thro' dripping soil great alder roots, and the air
> Glooms with the dripping tangle of leaf-thick branches, and stillness
> Keeps in the strange-coiled stems, ferns, and wet-loving weeds.
> Hither comes Pan, to this pregnant earthy spot, when his piping
> Flags; and his pipes outworn, breaking and casting away,
> Fits new reeds to his mouth with the weird earth-melody in them
> Piercing, alive with a life able to mix with the god's.

It is possible that some of these lines are in a slight degree overdone, reminding one in that respect of the American poet Edgar Fawcett, who is very fond of reaching natural effects by artifices of this kind. The idea in the "Pipes of Pan" is that Pan, coming to this "pregnant earthy spot" when his pipes are worn out, plucks new reeds from the river and flings the old ones away, and the old pipes in which the "god breath" still lingers, float with Peneus to the Ocean, and are scattered over the whole world,

> And mortals
> Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasting at eve,
> Or in the depths of noonday plunged to shadiest coverts,
> Spy them, and set to their lips; blow, and fling them away!
>
> Ay, they fling them away, —but never wholly! Thereafter
> Creeps strange fire in their veins, murmur strange tongues in their brain,
> Sweetly evasive; a secret madness takes them, —a charm-struck
> Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the hills.
> Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic of cities,
> Haunt mossed caverns and wells bubbling ice-cool; and their souls
> Gather a magical gleam of the secret of life, and the god's voice
> Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them wonderful things.

The fancy is a beautiful one and there is a sort of silvery joyousness in the movement of all the poem, which causes it to grow upon one's [taste] the more frequently it is read.

The ode is a kind of verse in which Mr Roberts is perhaps not qualified to be very successful. He has not sufficient ease and flow to work well in complicated stanzas. His talent applies itself best

to blank verse for which a certain self-retardative, almost cumbrous tendency of movement, peculiar to him, is an excellent qualification. Nevertheless in his first volume there is a very good ode, that to "Drowsihood." It is a purely sensuous production and rests its claim to distinction entirely upon the beauty of its workmanship. Occasionally Mr Roberts' work is spoiled by an effect of strain and elaborate effort, the movement of the scarcely successful labourer. A stanza like the following from "The Isles," an ode in his second volume, leaves no satisfactory impression upon the ear, even if the sense be grasped.

> One moment throbs the hearing, yearns the sight,
> But though not far, yet strangely hid—the way
> And our sense slow, nor long for us delay
> The guides their flight!
> The breath goes by; the word, the light, elude;
> And we stay wondering. But there comes an hour
> Of fitness perfect and unfettered mood,
> When splits her husk the finer sense with power
> And—yon their palm-trees tower!

"In the Afternoon," a truly beautiful little poem, is an illustration of Mr Roberts' most noticeable faculty, the power of investing a bit of vivid landscape description with the musical pathos of some haunting reminiscence or connecting with it a comforting thought, some kindly suggested truth.

> Wind of the summer afternoon,
> Hush, for my heart is out of tune!
>
> Hush, for thou movest restlessly,
> The too light sleeper, Memory!
>
> Whate'er thou hast to tell me, yet
> 'T were something sweeter to forget,—
>
> Sweeter than all thy breath of balm
> An hour of unremembering calm!

So he begins, and there follow many descriptive couplets, full of happy and life-like touches—here are some of them:

> Waist-deep in dusty-blossomed grass
> I watch the swooping breezes pass
>
> In sudden, long, pale lines, that flee
> Up the deep breast of this green sea.

I listen to the bird that stirs
The purple tops, and grasshoppers

Whose summer din, before my feet
Subsiding, wakes on my retreat.

Again the droning bees hum by;
Still-winged, the gray hawk wheels on high.

In "On the Creek," another happy poem, we find such stanzas as these:

For scents of various grass
  Stream down the veering breeze;
Warm puffs of honey pass
  From flowering linden-trees;

And fragrant gusts of gum,
  From clammy balm-tree buds[3]
With fern-brake odors, come
  From intricate solitudes.

This last stanza is an instance of our poet's tendency to clog his lines with clusters of consonants. It is not the result of carelessness with him, but a whim of his own ear. Sometimes he carries it too far, and writes a stanza like the following, which is hard to articulate:

From off yon ash-limb sere
  Out-thrust amid green branches,
Keen like an azure spear,
  A king fisher down launches.

I cannot help calling particular attention to a single quatrain from a poem entitled "Off Pelorus," in which Mr Roberts retouches the old story of Ulysses and the Sirens, putting his song into the mouth of one of the sailors of the wandering king. You remember that the sailors bound Ulysses to the mast and caulked their own ears. As they pass the shore where the sirens are singing

See the King! he hearkens, —hears their song,— strains forward,—
As some mountain snake attends the shepherd's reed.
Now with urgent hand he bids us turn us shoreward,—
Bend the groaning oar now; give the King no heed!

I quote this stanza as an illustration of Mr Roberts' picturesque power and his genuine poet's capacity for getting the utmost musical and dramatic effect out of words.

[3]The author, apparently dissatisfied, subsequently changed the line to read, more musically: "*Breath of the* balm-tree buds" (E.K.B.).

As a sonnet writer Mr Roberts has been unevenly successful. Two or three of his sonnets are impressive in thought and excellently modulated: but others bear traces of effort and consequently do not thoroughly capture the ear. I think the following sonnet entitled "Reckoning" is his best.

What matter that the sad gray city sleeps,
Sodden with dull dreams, ill at ease, and snow
Still falling chokes the swollen drains! I know
That even with sun and summer not less creeps
My spirit thro' gloom, nor ever gains the steeps
Where Peace sits, inaccessible, yearned for so.
Well have I learned that from my breast my woe
Starts, —that as my own hand hath sown, it reaps.

I have had my measure of achievement, won
Most I have striven for; and at last remains
This one thing certain only, that who gains
Success hath gained it at too sore a cost,
If in his triumph hour his heart have lost
Youth, and have found its sorrow of age begun.

Amongst other things Mr Roberts has tried his hand at writing some rousing patriotic poems; with the degree of success which usually attends deliberate efforts of that kind. They are clever, but heavy, pompous, more of the tongue [than] the heart. The time has not come for the production of any genuine national song. It is when the passion and enthusiasm of an entire people, carried away by the excitement of some great crisis, enters into the soul of one man specially gifted, that a great national poem or hymn is produced. We have yet to reach such an hour, and we may pray that it will not come too soon or too late.

It is always difficult to form an estimate of any contemporary writer; but I think that any one who has read through Mr Roberts' two volumes, particularly the second, will conclude that he has been in contact with a very clever man, a scholar, a man of wide culture, variously appreciative, evincing especially a sort of deep physical satisfaction in the contemplation of nature, united to a strenuous and original gift of expression. He will find in him passion, strong, though not of the finest ring, a rich and masterful imagination, the genuine faculty of verse, an ear intolerant of any failure, and a cool and subtle literary judgment, but I think he will also find him wanting in spontaneity, in elasticity, in genuine tenderness, and in delicacy of feeling. His want of tenderness and genuine delicacy

appear most strongly in two love poems, included in his second volume, "Tout ou rien" and "In Notre Dame," the first a declaration which could only proceed from the most boundless and pitiless egotism; the other, to me a still more disagreeable poem, an expression of brawny passion, pitched in an exaggerated and over-sensuous key.

In Mr Roberts' work, notwithstanding the great ability that has gone to the making of it, there is often a certain weightiness and deliberateness of phrase, which suggests too strongly the hand of the careful workman, and robs it of the fullest effect of spontaneity. Although his poems are written upon many various subjects and either of his books might appear upon a cursory glance to be somewhat remarkable for variety, only three or four really different notes are struck, and all the poems are found to be attuned to these. Mr Roberts is purely an emotional and artistic poet like Poe or Rossetti, and never attempts to lead us to any of the grander levels of thought and feeling. He has nothing to teach us beyond some new phases of the beauty of nature, which he has interpreted admirably; and altogether his work impresses us as the product of a strong artistic talent, rather than of a soul accustomed to the atmosphere of the nobler and severer beauty.

Mr Roberts is a living poet. It is an easier and in a certain sense a more satisfactory task to speak of one of our writers who is no longer living. I refer to the late Mr Cameron of Kingston. Of him above all other of our poets Canadians have reason to think with pride. He was a writer of rare spontaneity, whose genuine poetic impulse rings in every line. He had all the fervour, the breadth and energy of thought, the sensitive humanity, that Professor Roberts lacks. He was unequal and careless: there are not many of his poems which do not show frequent weaknesses and blemishes: but he goes straight to his thought, and the thought, even if it be at times a trifle dark, is always sharp from the battle of life. In Mr Cameron's work we reach a larger and fresher atmosphere; we come into contact with a soul serious, sensitive, passionate, a man who dwells among genuine thoughts and genuine feelings, and speaks a language full of spontaneity, force, and dignity.

There is a strong Byronic quality in Cameron's genius, and his utterance has the Byronic nerve and imperious directness. It is penetrating, elastic, and full of high sound. Cameron's gift was purely a lyric one. He was a poet of life, and his work rings with

the truth of experience. The joy, the grief, the passion, the aspiration, the weariness of life, are there, uttered with rapt sincerity and careless self-revelation. Cameron was young when he died—only thirty-three[4]—and that short life appears from the evidence of his verse and what little I can learn of him, to have been very full, very varied, and on the whole not happy. His verse is in the main sad, bitter, and pessimistic, though this dark hue is relieved now and then by tender and genial touches, and some brave thoughts. But in Cameron there is no attitudinizing; his gloom is a darkness and bitterness bred of experience; and when he speaks the language of purpose and hope, his utterance is simple, manly and bracing. There are some of Cameron's poems that one cannot read without the profoundest thrill of admiration and reverence. They have a largeness of outlook, a passionate keenness of love or anger or pity, of praise or denunciation, and are spoken with a proud greatness of tongue, that make one doubt whether any praise is too high to be awarded to the memory of their author. Some day Cameron's name will stand high upon the list of the poets of this age; and there are one or two short poems of his that will be found in the collections of the English masterpieces of all time. There is one little poem, written in 1885, the last year of his life, that for grace and dignity of expression you can rank with anything in the language.

Ah me! the mighty love that I have borne
To thee, sweet Song! A perilous gift was it
My mother gave me that September morn
When sorrow, song, and life were at one altar lit.

A gift more perilous than the priest's: his lore
Is all of books and to his books extends;
And what they see and know he knows—no more,
And with their knowing all his knowing ends.

A gift more perilous than the painter's: he
In his divinest moments only sees
The inhumanities of color, we
Feel each and all the inhumanities.

What a noble sonnet is the following, "Wisdom"; what an old-fashioned pride and ease of diction there is in it—

[4]Not thirty-*one* when he died. Thirty past; born 1854, Sept. 24, died 1885, Sept. 17. Just lacked one week of being thirty-one (MS. Note by C. J. C[ameron]).

Wisdom immortal from immortal Jove
  Shadows more beauty with her virgin brows
Than is between the pleasant breasts of Love
  Who makes at will and breaks her random vows,
And hath a name all earthly names above:
The noblest of her offspring; she controls
  The times and seasons—yea, all things that are
The heads and hands of men, their hearts and souls,
  And all that moves upon our mother star,
And all that pauses 'twixt the peaceful poles.
Nor is she dark and distant, coy and cold,—
  But all in all to all that seek her shrine
In utter truth, like to that king of old
Who wooed and won, yet by no right divine.

The following lyric, entitled "Standing on Tiptoe," written in the very month of his death, is exquisite for the breadth and beauty of the idea and the austere, clean-cut grace of its expression:

Standing on tiptoe ever since my youth,
  Striving to grasp the future just above,
I hold at length the only future—Truth,
  And Truth is Love.

I feel as one, who being awhile confined
  Sees drop to dust about him all his bars:—
The clay grows less, and, leaving it, the mind
  Dwells with the stars.

Such a poem as that deserves place with Landor's famous quatrain—

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
  Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
  It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The following stanzas will convey some idea of the passionateness of Cameron's melancholy, a sadness that as he grew older seems to have darkened to despair.

All heart-sick, and head-sick, and weary,
  Sore wounded, oft struck in the strife,
I ask is there end of this dreary
  Dark pilgrimage called by us Life?

I ask is there end of it—any?
  If any, when comes it anigh?
I would die not the one death, but many
  To know and be sure I should die.

* * *

To know that somewhere in the distance
When nature shall take back my breath,
I shall add up the sum of existence,
And find that its total is—death!

Of this mood of his he says himself—

With all my singing I can never sing
A gay, glad song—an honest song of mirth:
In vain my fingers seek some tender string
Whose voice would catch the dainty ear of earth.
Why is it so? Because the fount and spring
Of all my song was sorrow; it had birth
In gloom, and desolation, and dark hours,—
'Twas not the offspring of the happy flowers.

There are some stanzas entitled "To Louise," addressed by Cameron to his sister, in which the heart of the poet is laid bare. It is a solemn, beautiful and bitter poem. After dwelling with sadness and irony upon the futility of life and the resistlessness of destiny, he calls to his sister—

But let us dream awhile that we are free,—
Free as God's azure. Casting care aside,
Be once again the things we used to be.

He draws a picture of their youth, and endeavours to revive the freshness of its careless gayety; but it is in vain, he breaks off at last, crying with that clear touching intonation of his—

To-morrow waken? I have wakened now!
The scene grows dim, and broken is the spell:
The lines of age come back upon my brow—
The heart grows older than the tongue can tell:
Enchantment, Beauty, Pleasure—all farewell!
O blame me not, Louise, that I did call
Illusion to delight me from her cell!
Her tone was sweet as ever yet did fall
On mortal ear: —alas 'tis silent soon and all!

And there is another poem, entitled "What Matters It," which must be read in its entirety in order to appreciate the peculiar beauty of its strange, weary sadness.

But our poet's life and work were not all of gloom. Sometimes we meet with such stoical lines as these:

Earth hath not much to love: but soon I learned
To love those things it hath of good or great;
To noble deeds and noble words I turned,
And marked my own bright pathway. If stern fate

Hath changed its proper current, mine estate
Is not less noble: I shall walk alone,—
Not with a mien defiant and elate,
But in humility,—and if I own
No kinship with the crowd, to them 'twill not be known.

Cameron wrote a great number of love lyrics. Some of them are beautiful, most of them spirited, and all of them carelessly sincere. Where they are not marred as is frequently the case by an unpleasant dash of cynicism, there is a charm in their bold naïveté. The following lines called "Amoris Finis" are touched with Cameron's rare gift of expression, that largeness of utterance, that great way of saying things, which is a characteristic only of the master poets.

And now I go with the departing sun
My day is dead, and all my work is done.
No more for me the pleasant moon shall rise
To show the splendor in my dear one's eyes.
No more the stars shall see us meet; we part
Without a hope, or hope of hope, at heart;
For Love lies dead, and at his altar, lo,
Stands in his room self-crowned and crested, —*Woe*!

Cameron is a successor of Shelley in his fiery championship of liberty. Many pages at the beginning of his volume of lyrics are taken up with exhortations to freedom and denunciations of tyrants—poems earnest and vigorous, in which in spite of many crudities bold and impressive passages may be found.

It will perhaps be said that Mr Cameron like Professor Roberts has not actually taught us many things in a certain sense. Yet he has left us in his own degree the same sort of gift that Heine left to the world, the picture of a brilliant, passionate, imperfect human soul, and the record of its eager contact with the world. Such a life-work may not be of much use to us for guidance, but it will always be intensely interesting and intensely stimulating to the student of literature and life. Mr Cameron's work, as I have said, is often faulty, and incomplete, often much too facile, but it has the authority and impressiveness of strong feeling, based upon an independent judgment of life in a nature genuinely poetic.

In regard to the circumstances of Mr Cameron's life there is little to be said. Almost all that I know of it is that he was born at New Glasgow, N.S., in 1854, lived some considerable part of his

life at Boston, where he studied law for a time, and was at the time of his death in September, 1885, editor of the *Kingston News*.

With George Frederick Cameron and Professor Roberts Canada has, so to speak, taken a place in the poetic literature of the world, and I believe that the work of these two writers is well worthy of our attention, not only as Canadians but as students of literature generally. It is our duty also, not only as Canadians, but as lovers of all literature, to see that a man like the late Mr Cameron, whose life work lies finished before us, is not forgotten. That a body of writing, instinct with so true a poetic energy, should have been produced by a native of our own country, the product of our own soil, is a matter for national pride and encouragement.[5]

[5]The above lecture was concluded with a reading of two of Cameron's most spirited poems, "The 'Week' vs. Wendell Philips" and "The Way of the World" [Note by Lampman].

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1943

Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

Part II

IV. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. Collin

The six sections of this essay deal respectively with: (i) philosophy, sociology, and the problems of collaboration; (ii) literary, dramatic and art criticism; (iii) fiction and narrative sketches; (iv) drama and poetry; (v) history and biography; and (vi) miscellaneous works. The arrangement in the check-list is alphabetical.

I

The writers of 1943, apart from the poets, were agitated by the philosophy of personalism, of which we spoke last year, and the problems created by a changing society, by the need of a deeper knowledge of physical and human environment, and by the question of co-operation between the French and English populations of Canada.

Professor Charles de Koninck's *De la Primauté du bien commun contre les personnalistes* is an aggressive attack on the personalists. Cardinal Villeneuve writes in the preface: "At the moment personalism has become fashionable. Some very sincere minds extol it. They exalt the dignity of the human person; they want the person respected; they write for a personalist order; they labour to create a civilization which will be for man . . . . That is all very well, but too short; for the person, man, is not an end in itself nor the end of all. Man has God for end." The book is in part, then, a reply to François Hertel's *Pour un Ordre personnaliste*. The personalists, it appears, have given a tendentious interpretation to passages they have taken from St Thomas Aquinas. The author claims to replace these passages in their doctrinal context and restore to them their authentic meaning. The traditional doctrine comes to light again, and the author proposes it as a pattern for a new order. M. de Koninck's thesis is that in every order the common good is superior to the good of the individual whereas the personalists place the person above the common good. The angels, we are told, the more elevated they are in perfection the more they love the subordination of their individual good. This

elevation of the common good above the good of the person, we observe, seems to chime with certain ideologies that have plagued the world of late. What we feel is wrong with the thesis is the word *contre*. After listening to this vehement discussion we are aware that a deep cleavage exists not only in the ranks of the Thomists themselves but also between humanists, Christian and scientific, the latter of whom believe that faith in the primacy of the person must be revived because the community's noblest product is the fully developed individual, and stress the necessary connection between individual good and the common good. In *L'Homme contemporain et le problème moral* Father Gérard Petit, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Montreal, stands outside M. de Koninck's debate, beyond humanism. Like T. E. Hulme, who deplored the romantic search for perfection on the human plane, favoured the classical and pessimistic conception of man and looked for an objective standard of ethics, Father Petit, basing his thinking upon the traditional teaching of the Church, has set out to prove the falsity of ethical and social philosophies because they do not recognize divine authority as the ultimate basis of moral law. "The whole of the Christian spirit is to centre man's life upon the Absolute," says Father Jacques Tremblay in his little book on integral living, *Constantes*, taking as his sign the words of Gabriel Marcel: "Not to have one's centre in onself but in God; outside that there is no religion."

Less austere than these is Father Louis Lachance's *Philosophie du langage*, which has chapters on the origin, the physical nature and the metaphysical essence of language. In the last chapter, "Bilingualism," the author summarizes the views of Etienne Gilson and Hermas Bastien and concludes: "We maintain that bilingualism has numerous advantages, that we must even, so far as possible, aim at the acquisition of several languages, but that it would be disastrous to make it a general method of instruction and apply it indiscriminately to all children of all ages."

The problems of a changing society constantly occupy the minds of economists and sociologists; they are dramatized in some of this year's novels. Mr Everett C. Hughes's *French Canada in Transition*, a study which is in the current of recent American sociological research, describes the ground very well. It "deals mainly with a community . . . recently enlivened and disturbed by the establishment of a number of large new industries, all

started and managed by English-speaking people sent there for the purpose." Mr Hughes knows the precise historical situation of his study. Léon Gérin, he says, is "French Canada's pioneer sociologist." Gérin's *Le Type économique et social des canadiens* (1937) "is the classic analysis of the French-Canadian rural family in sociological terms." "Horace Miner, in *St Denis: a French-Canadian Parish* (1939), carried the analysis further to include the relation between family and parish." "*Maria Chapdelaine* tells the story of a family in the northern colonies of Lake St Jean." "*Trente Arpents* by Ringuet (1939) adds a mordancy not found in previous stories of the *habitant*." Mr Hughes's Cantonville stands between Mr Miner's St Denis, a completely rural parish, and Montreal, the completely industrialized metropolis. Mr Hughes studies, in sociological terms, the adjustments which take place when industry comes to this small town, when "solid French middle-class townspeople must face an English-speaking managerial class of different mentality and ways of working," when "the traditional institutions of French Canada meet crises occasioned by the presence of those of extreme industrialism and capitalism." "The analysis is intended to suggest comparisons with other regions where industrialization and urbanization are complicated—as they generally are—by ethnic differences." There is nothing in this carefully controlled work of a research scholar that is remotely reminiscent of the lyrical passion of *Menaud;* nothing that suggests the peculiarly French-Canadian or Catholic way of meeting the crisis as we have it in *Jours de folie* or *Le Verger* (reviewed below). Oddly enough, Mr Hughes mentions neither Errol Bouchette nor Esdras Minville. It was Bouchette who, in *L'Indépendance économique du Canada français* (1913), cried out: "Emparons-nous de l'industrie!" Esdras Minville, Director of the School of Advanced Commercial Studies of Montreal, has spent his life teaching his fellow countrymen to master the economic situation. In *Le Verger* we have a picture of him lecturing to students: "From the collation of statistics the drama of a people was born and developed . . . ; economic matter took on a sense, acquired human significance. It was not out of place to compare this man to a poet or a musician who by his fervour and austere language was able to recreate a world in search of its destiny."

When, in 1942, the French-Canadian Institute for Economic and Social Research was founded, it was felt that "the study of

economic and social problems in French Canada must depend upon a thorough understanding of French-Canadian values; for it is to these values that the economic and social problems owe their particular character." In this spirit M. Minville, who is president of the group, wrote his little book, *Invitation à l'étude*, whose first section describes French culture, Christian humanism, traditions, and laws, while the second deals with these things as national values. Like the Abbé Groulx, M. Minville constantly asserts that French Canadians do not know their own history, cultural heritage, economic and social environment, the grandeur of their destiny. He invites scholars to study them and teach the people. It is not necessary to undertake new studies in history: "This domain has been explored and worked. It is enough to strip the works of our great historians, notably those of Abbé Groulx." Much, however, remains to be done in the other fields. M. Minville himself has surveyed some of them. In 1942, with his colleagues collaborating, he edited a general survey of the physical, economic, and human environment of the Province, *Notre Milieu*. This year the volume *Montréal economique* comprises studies of the economic history, physical environment, population, the port, manufacturing industry, commerce, finance, and municipal administration of Montreal—a really stupendous work. Other studies in the series will be devoted to forests, fisheries, and mines. Of the cultural environment the author says: "We do not at the present moment possess what is necessary to judge the precise extent of the dangers, as well as the advantages, of our situation in the Canadian-American cultural environment." "Where are our studies of physical, economic, and human geography?" Looking about him at the human environment, M. Minville passes in review the materialist conception of life, liberal individualism, capitalism, and state socialism, all of which are unacceptable. He believes that the Christian social order founded upon justice and charity is the economy best adapted to the needs of the people. Justice and charity mean mutual aid and co-operation in the search for the common good of all. Of the three possible solutions to the problem of Canadian unity, assimilation, integration, or collaboration, M. Minville says: "There is in fact only one solution and we must seek it not in assimilation, not in integration, but in enlightened and generous collaboration." Applying the thesis, used by historians, that the life of a nation is the realization of a governing

and ordering idea, he would fain believe that French-Canadian civilization is the realization of the Christian idea of charity, co-operation and respect for the human person. But the book ends with a picture of the disorder of contemporary society and the reader wonders whether the values and the idea that inform the work are not aspirations yet to be realized rather than assumptions from which to draw logical conclusions. "The evil is in man," M. Minville repeats. "We lack depth." Then let us begin there: let us give ourselves depth.

Professor Raymond Tanghe's collection of radio lessons, *Initiation à la Géographie humaine*, is one answer to the "human" part of M. Minville's question. This writer has contributed two studies to M. Minville's series: "The Human Factor" (1942), and "The Population" (1943). The idea of treating geography as a study of man's work is a fairly recent discovery. Jean Brunhes popularized it in France with *La Géographie humaine* (1925), although the method had been in use for some time. "We have seen students of economic geography," writes M. Tanghe, "learn that one country is rich in forests, that another raises cattle, another exploits its metals, that one region produces sugar-beet, another cotton, without realizing the fact that these simple words express at the same time the mode of life of millions of human beings. It is an error to limit realism and our practical sense to the knowledge of facts measurable by statistics: an understanding of these things cannot be complete if it does not rest on a foundation of humanism."

Human geography and human history often overlap and intermingle. Ringuet's startling book, *Un Monde était leur empire*, might, we think, be called human history. But it is a very different kind of history from those extolled by M. Minville. Instead of beginning a study of his human environment with a discourse on French-Canadian values, this author begins by looking at the early civilizations and cultures of the American continent. Unlike the Abbé Tessier's *L'Enigme américaine*, which follows the usual method of describing the exploits of the discoverers who explored the New World while seeking a way to Cathay, Ringuet stands on American soil and scorns the outlanders who in their lust for gold destroyed the native cultures. "We are not Europeans," says this author emphatically. "We must strive to be Americans." He wants his book to be "the history of the land on which we live and which

more and more, by insensibly modifying us, makes us its own." To the ancient civilizations of Europe he prefers the Peruvian Empire, "the primary cell of which was the family whose natural head was in a way the representative of the supreme head," the agricultural way of life, and he especially praises the arts and crafts of the Aztecs. Ringuet wants his history to be the continuous story of American life. The principle of continuity is best exemplified in Mexico. Here the aboriginal races stayed and survived. What is taking shape here is a genuinely American civilization. In the light of this principle the French-Canadian "miracle" of survival takes on quite a different meaning.

The situation as M. Jean-Charles Harvey sees it is "North American." "We can survive only on condition that we adapt ourselves to North American realities." The purpose of his *Les Grenouilles demandent un roi*, is to broadcast his faith in democracy and to warn the youth of his country against fascist doctrine. Mankind, says M. Harvey, is made up of weak and strong. The weak seek a bustling overlord, as the frogs in the fable; the strong will to remain free. "A bustling and fanatical minority is endeavouring to isolate more completely than ever the Province of Quebec from the rest of the Anglo-American world." If it succeeds the result will be national suicide. Immigration, he declares, is our salvation; but we repudiate immigrants who are unfortunate enough not to share our beliefs. In a period of transition from an agricultural to an industrial economy he denounces French-Canadian leaders who, while blaming English capital for the conditions of material inequality, fail to direct the people towards careers which assure economic mastership. But especially is he pained by that teaching from which the youth of his province "have drawn, it appears, the mysticism of the slave." "It is with an immense sadness that I see you turn your backs on liberty. They have made you admire Italy, secretly even Nazi Germany. They have denounced to you, for years now, the pretended crimes of democracy. You hate liberty! That's the work of your masters. You who were born to be strong, they have reduced you to the ranks of the feeble." While M. Minville and the Abbé Groulx talk of collaboration on the basis of French-Canadian "nationalism," M. Harvey seeks it on the basis of a common political ideology.

In *Pourquoi sommes-nous divisés?* the Abbé Maheux pleads for a common understanding on the basis of mutual respect: "Let us

unite in the sincere and constant respect of our two venerable motherlands." In this spirit he reviews all the aspects of the problem: language, religion, business, education, standard of life, national anthem, and national flag. As in his historical studies, he endeavours to adjust his people's vision of their own history and to eradicate certain prejudices. Quoting the words of Richelieu in the *Charte des Cent Associés*, he makes the point that "from the very beginning our people have shown an aptitude for industry and commerce as much as, and even more than, for agriculture." In his passionate appeal to Canadians of both languages to forget their pride and sink their differences the reader may feel that the author oversimplifies the problems; but the spirit is utterly commendable. At one point, however, his naïveté beclouds the real situation. In his review of the Learned Societies he writes: "A *rapprochement* in the common study of Thomist philosophy, better than any other means, would favour intellectual understanding, fecund source and probably the only true source of union."

To the Abbé Maheux's question the Abbé Groulx replied in a speech, *Pourquoi nous sommes divisés*, delivered under the auspices of the League of National Action. It is the classic "nationalist" reply. Here is the argument: Since Cain killed Abel men have always been divided. Christianity attempted to restore fraternity in the world, but the Reformation abolished the admirable accomplishment of the Middle Ages. In Canada "we are disunited, profoundly disunited; that is a brutal fact." We are divided by religion, race, and culture. One category of Anglo-Canadian refuses to accept the fact of French Canada. Injustices are perpetuated, laws trodden under foot. We have always collaborated with Anglo-Canadians, and what have we received in return? Nothing but crumbs and haughty scorn. Within the Dominion the provinces are sovereign states. Our solution, then, is legitimate defence, a policy of realism. Let us be strong with all our strength. A strong people clings to its moral forces, its faith, its Catholicism; a people is strong in the possession of its organic life: its economic, social, political, and cultural life powerfully constructed into a hierarchy. It is the conviction of the nationalists, the Abbé Groulx, M. Montpetit, and Father Richard Arès, who has collected a number of articles under the title of *Notre Question nationale*, that French Canada is menaced by the infiltration of Anglo-American culture and the problem is one of defence, the necessity of guarding the

"three bastions erected and maintained by the solicitude of the Church: the family, the parish, and the school." One of these bastions, the family, is the subject of Father Léonce Boivin's meditations in the fifth volume of his *Le Combat social*, whose pages are overcast with a lament that in this twentieth century society is dying because the living cell bears within it a fatal cancer. The family must be restored "in Christ." Another method of defence is that advocated by the Committee of French Survival: co-operative societies. In its bulletin it reviews what the co-operative movement has done for other people and what it has already achieved for the French people of Canada. More information on this subject is to be found in the speeches delivered at the Fourth General Congress of Co-operators and contained in *L'Education dans le mouvement coopératif* and in *La Coopérative agricole*, a booklet written by Messrs. J. L. Descôteaux, Roméo Martin, and Raynald Ferron.

II

The outstanding work of literary criticism that has come to our notice is Professor Auguste Viatte's *Victor Hugo et les Illuminés de son temps*, published late in 1942. M. Viatte, now at Laval, is associated with Professor Cohen's New Pontigny (Mount Holyoke College) and the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes. In 1927 he published a work in two volumes on the occult sources of French Romanticism. Now, in the first part of his new work he traces the history of hypnotism and spiritism, the New Jerusalem, the socialist illuminati, theocrats, and demagogues. In the second he discusses Hugo's contacts with these schools; and in the third, coming to Hugo's writings, he "tries to show how he reasons, on what themes he takes his stand, what questions he asks himself, what solutions he brings, in short to relive with him the labour of his thought": one of the most arduous exercises to which a real critic must submit himself. M. Viatte has brought order out of a mass of information that might have stunned many another man and has shed fresh light on much of Hugo's work which needed interpretation. M. Viatte is also an authority on Far-Eastern questions. We have a little book of his entitled *L'Extrême-Orient et nous*, which is a succinct history of modern China and Japan and their relations with Europe and America. What interests us most

are the author's observations on Japan and his general comments on the world situation. Of Japan he writes:

> No doubt the vocable "national-socialism," which made its appearance about 1931, is copied from Germany. But the tendency existed previously. Only it has gained, by the advent of Hitler, the certitude of outside support and more confidence in itself.
>
> Oriental totalitarism . . . rests on the social "globalism" of Buddhism and Confucianism, on the dogma of the reincarnation which fixes in advance our unequal destinies. It is distinct from fascism and communism in the sense that it is the dictatorship of the divine State which is incarnated in the Japanese Emperor and follows the Imperial Way. Its instrument is the military class. In addition Japan rejects the Occident.

However, M. Viatte is of opinion that "its fate will be decided on the battle-fields of the West; it will not survive six months the defeat of Germany."

Guy Sylvestre, Marcel Raymond, Robert Elie, and Marcel Valois (Jean Dufresne), convinced that a revolution is needed to make the public understand the seriousness of authentic artistic expression, labour to this end in their several spheres as critics of poetry, drama, art, and the dance. Besides directing a literary page in the Saturday issue of *Le Droit*, Guy Sylvestre has this year published a collection of essays on the Catholic poets of contemporary France and launched a literary quarterly of his own, *Gants du ciel*. His aim in his essays is "to make some of the great poets of contemporary France read more widely, understood, and loved better." He writes sympathetically on Verlaine, Claudel, Péguy, Jammes, Viélé-Griffin, Ghéon, Raïssa Maritain, and Marie Noël, "all of whom mark the end of the positivist and materialist era and evince a firm will to chant the primacy of the soul." In the introduction he expresses ideas which are dear to him:

> The object of poetry is not general ideas or universal concepts: it is reality, itself ineffable, momentary, individual, always and never the same . . . . Reason never grasps being in its totality; it knows things about it. The poet tries to grasp it whole . . . . Poetry appears to us then as the song of the world . . . . The most authentic poets are those who sing of life, that is, this meeting of the soul with the real . . . . The indivisible poem has the atmosphere of the experience lived by the poet who transmits it to us . . . . The history of poetry will be the history of the verbal expression of human sentiments and not the study of the evolution of verse techniques.

These are the ideas which govern M. Sylvestre's appreciation of the poets. "Is it not time," he asks, "for us to discover that the greatest Verlaine is the Verlaine of mystic poems of a plenitude and ele-

vation which attain sublimity in simplicity?" "This introduction to sainthood which is the work of Claudel seems to me the most extraordinary epiphany of Christian joy." Francis Jammes, "this great lover of birds, bees, dogs, rabbits, flowers, and springs, was also the intimate friend of God, and I do not know any literature that enshrines a name which to this degree is synonymous with universal Christian fraternity." "If Ghéon's poetry appears to be somewhat abstract and rational . . . he has tried to accomplish a Christian work in addressing himself to the faithful." Madame Maritain's poetry "is born of a great love of God and his creatures." Marie Noël "listens to inner voices which sing and which sometimes take sublime flight. This Catholic symbolism gives to certain religious poems all their grandeur." From these studies, and from M. Jean Bruchési's preface, one might be inclined to think that Catholic poetry is the only poetry for M. Sylvestre; but we know his affection for Rilke and Supervielle and for so many others he calls "immense" poets. Printed in rich characters on beautiful paper, his review *Gants du ciel* is the achievement of a man of rare vision and conviction. The words in the title are taken from the *Letter to Jacques Maritain* in which Jean Cocteau, after referring to the loss of his seven best friends as Heaven's warning which he refused to heed, writes: "You know what I mean by gloves of Heaven. To touch us without soiling its fingers Heaven sometimes puts on gloves. Raymond Radiguet was one of Heaven's gloves. His form fitted Heaven like a glove. When Heaven takes away its hand, it is death. To take this death for a real death would be to mistake an empty glove for a hand which has been cut off." M. Sylvestre interprets the metaphor "gant de ciel" as a man or a work which is a witness among us of the eternal values. His aim is to bring to his readers some reflection of what is spiritual and eternal in man. "*Gants du ciel* will welcome only that which can be integrated in an authentic research of integral humanism, of which Catholic culture is the highest expression." It was natural, then, that it should have its place on the Fides programme of publications. The two numbers published this year contain poems, essays on literature, art and philosophy, reproductions of paintings by Pellan and of old embroidery preserved in the monasteries and churches of Quebec, and reviews of new books. Quite recently M. Sylvestre has been moved by the idea that his people should have some knowledge of English-Canadian poetry. He has studied

the best books on the subject and presented the substance of them to the readers of *Le Devoir*. In all these labours of enlightenment and *rapprochement* we cannot commend too highly his fervour and noble purpose.

M. Séraphin Marion, after giving us three volumes of studies of early Canadian journalism, has turned to the early novel in *Nos trois premiers romans*: de Gaspé's *L'Influence d'un livre*, Joseph Doutre's *Les Fiancés de 1812*, and P.-J.-O. Chauveau's *Charles Guérin*.

Le Jeu retrouvé, by Marcel Raymond, is a synthesis of the convictions and ideals expressed and realized by the masters of contemporary dramatic art in France: Copeau, the Pitoëffs, Baty, Dullin, Jouvet, Ghéon, Chancerel, and Cohen. Watch children play shop, the back of a chair becomes a counter, the children speak to each other and exchange pieces of paper through the bars. So a strip of blue cloth on the boards of a stage is a river; a rug under an actor's feet is a roof on which he is standing. The early dramatists and the comedians of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, with a few masks and three boards for a stage, resemble children in their games. This art of suggestion, which was lost to the naturalists because they limited themselves to the representation of every-day reality, defines the role of the poet in dramatic art. So Copeau, and the rest who have followed him in this renewal of dramatic theory, looked for a poet. Cohen "has perfectly demostrated that the Middle Ages in France were a period fecund in simple and beautiful dramatic work constructed on these two fundamental dramatic principles: convention and poetry." The dramatist is truly the poet of his age. There is one note running through all this delightful book: that communion which Copeau and those who have followed his teaching judged necessary between actor and spectator, between the public and the dramatist-poet. The people are again identified with the drama which is the expression of their own feelings. So Ghéon, following the Greeks, has brought the spoken chorus back into favour. M. Raymond tells how Copeau, the master of all these renovators of the theatre, retired into the country to teach his young actors. When the Vieux Colombier closed its doors in 1925, Copeau left Paris a very sad man. "In an old Ford, with the Rule of Saint Benedict on his knees, he had traversed the roads of Burgundy before fixing his choice upon an old abandoned castle which was without heat and

light." Here he trained his pupils in the actor's art with that dedication which characterizes the religious. Ghéon followed Copeau and with his *Compagnons de Notre-Dame* set out to "regenerate in the spirit of the faith the national drama which for many centuries has been detached from the medieval, Christian and popular stock on which it was grafted." Henri Brochet reorganized the company and gave it a new name: *Compagnons de Jeux*. Chancerel's ambition is not expressly to create a Catholic theatre. The Scout law is his law. Baden-Powell's Scouts provided him with the elements of out-door games and exercises. Blending with the teaching of Copeau these produced the *art dramatique scout* which Chancerel has tried to establish. He has created his own troupe, the *Comédiens Routiers* and a children's theatre, *Théâtre de l'Oncle Sébastien*. Gustave Cohen "decided to overcome the last resistance of his students against the Middle Ages by having them play the piece inscribed on the programme of the *licence* and called in Chancerel as technical adviser." The first piece they performed was *Le Miracle de Théophile*, from which they inherited the name of *Théophiliens*.

These various groups, all of which owe their inception to the teachings of Copeau, have captivated the imaginations of certain Catholic poets of French Canada, where Chancerel's "dramatic games" have been introduced into the schools. Father Emile Legault's *Compagnons de Saint-Laurent* owe their existence to Brochet's *Compagnons de Jeux*. After Ghéon, Father Gustave Lamarche, in *Notre-Dame des neiges*, has brought the spoken chorus into the service of Catholic truth. François Hertel calls his *Notre-Dame des Laurentides* a *jeu scout*. Rina Lasnier's dramatization of the life of Marguerite Bourgeoys is a "game": *Le Jeu de la voyagère*. Such dramatizations of early Canadian history in the spirit of Chancerel are evidences of what Jean Cusson calls an *orchestique canadienne*. M. Cusson takes note of some of them in the last chapter of his excellent little study of Chancerel: *Un Réformateur du théâtre: Léon Chancerel*. "Legends poetize history," he says. "They nourished the minds of the Greeks with myths." M. Cusson records this fact, which shows that the current of suggestion is not all in one direction: "The old French romance *La Complainte du Roi Renaud*, published with a detailed historical commentary by M. Barbeau in his *Romancero du Canada*, has been included by

Chancerel in the repertory of the *Comédiens Routiers* in the form of a choral recitation."

M. Gérard Morisset, author of the standard work on the arts in French Canada, *Coup d'œil sur les arts en Nouvelle-France* (1941), has published three pamphlets, *Philippe Liébert, Evolution d'une pièce d'argenterie*, and *Les Eglises et le trésor de Varennes*, which brings to light the life and work of almost forgotten artists, sculptors, and goldsmiths, and the art treasures of old Quebec churches. M. Emile Falardeau's researches are usually directed towards biographical documents. This year he has added sketches of Aldéric Rapin and Martin and Antoine Cirier to his series on Canadian artists and artisans. And what M. Morisset and M. Falardeau are doing for the past others are doing for contemporary art. Fides of Montreal have begun a series of monographs, *Cahiers d'art ARCA*, by means of which they hope to "propagate the purest æsthetic ideas, to comment upon the work of several Canadian artists, and to discuss problems of the philosophy of art." The first number, however, is a study, by M. Pierre Ladoué, of Henri Charlier, one of the great French sculptors of our time, whose religious feeling can be sensed in his definition of the problem, which is "to express with matter the spiritual clarity of the truths of the faith." The history of this new publishing house, Fides, we may interject, has just appeared. Founded in 1941 by the editor of *Mes Fiches*, Father Paul A. Martin, it continues the work of that review and was born of a desire to broadcast the principles of integral humanism, which it regards as "the only adequate means of bringing back to the way of its destiny a world that has been led astray by humanism separated from the Incarnation." M. Minville's symposia and M. Guy Sylvestre's books appear with its imprint.

M. Maurice Gagnon's *Peinture moderne*, with its beautiful reproductions, is an admirable introduction to the modern groups: impressionists, synthetists, fauvists, cubists, surrealists, and the religious painters. One noteworthy feature is the grouping of the Canadians with the French artists. Morrice, "the first great Canadian painter," figures with Van Gogh, Cézanne, and Gauguin; Cosgrove, Grier, Harrison, Lyman, Roberts, Surrey, Goldberg, Smith, Bouchard, and de Tonnancour, of the Contemporary Arts Society of Montreal, with Matisse and Derain; Pellan with the cubists; Borduas and Eveleigh with the surrealists Utrillo, Chagall,

and Dali; Leduc, octogenarian, "still sheltering his philosophical and Christian old age in a little wooden house on the side of the mountain," with the religious artists Desvallières, Denis, and Rouault. M. Gagnon is also editing a series of studies of Canadian artists. These little books of the *Collection Art Vivant* contain a photograph of the artist, a sketch of his work, and some twenty reproductions. M. Gagnon himself launched the series with *Pellan*. Alfred Pellan, cubist, was born in Quebec. After fourteen years in Paris he returned to Canada in 1940. Still in his thirties, he is perhaps the most celebrated of Canadian artists; his paintings have been exhibited in many countries and M. Gagnon has listed some two hundred studies of his work, which has won the admiration of the poets Charles Doyon and François Hertel. He is the product of the Schools of Fine Arts of Quebec and Paris.

Something of the spirit which guides the instruction in the Quebec schools may be gathered from a pamphlet entitled *Vers un Art canadien*, written by the director of the School of Fine Arts of Montreal, M. Charles Maillard. "This new creation (it was founded in 1923) was not only destined to spread artistic culture, to develop in our architects and artists an ideal of the beautiful, to prepare for the budding of artistic work; it attained at the same time an eminently practical end by offering an instruction in decorative art and art applied to trades, handicrafts included, which alone will give to the products of Canadian industry its plastic quality and the particular stamp of its origin."

The second volume of M. Gagnon's series is a study of *Borduas* by M. Robert Elie. Poet as well as art critic, M. Elie is particularly interested in Rimbaud and the influence of Baudelaire on art. These preoccupations make him the ideal interpreter of surrealist art. The work of Paul-Emile Borduas, who was born in the region of the Richelieu,

> sings first of all the splendour of light, then the more inner beauties of logical architectures, finally the unexpected marvels of night .... With him form is the direct expression of his inner vision and obeys only the impulsion which constrains the artist to take up his brush .... These pictures deserve to be qualified as illuminations, for they belong to the same stock as the incommensurable work of Rimbaud .... The same inquietude is found in their works which evoke a surreal domain where the finite and the infinite meet and are still undefined .... For the surreal artist the destiny of art is intimately bound up with that of man. Among them there were the romantics, Nerval and his chimeras, Rimbaud and his illuminations, Lautréamont who wished to penetrate

into that zone which extends between life and death .... Baudelaire spoke of the surreal, even if he did not know the word.

Figures de danse, by the musical critic Jean Dufresne, who writes under the pseudonym of Marcel Valois, studies the careers of the dancers of the Russian ballet (Fokine, Massine, Nijinsky, Lifar), the German School (Kreutzberg, Ruth Draper, Trudi Schoop, Angna Enters), the Orientals (Uday Shan-Kar, Ruth St-Denis), and the Spanish School (Escudero, La Argentina). It is a companion work to M. Raymond's study of modern dramatic theory.

There is a bit of everything in Mgr Maurault's *Aux Louisianais*, which is made up of four addresses, two in French, two in English ("Un peu d'histoire," "French as it is spoken in Canada," "La vie et la littérature françaises au Canada," "Canada at war"), and three other chapters ("Deux Canadiens français," "Art canadien," and "Un Canadien en Louisiane en 1943," this last, published also in the eighth *Cahiers des Dix*, being a reconstruction of the French atmosphere of Louisiana as he felt it during his trip). They are interesting synopses. Of the picturesque speech of the "habitants," he remarks:

> The Norman pioneers were, in the beginning, very numerous and they have stamped their mark on the whole stock. Many of them, I suppose, were navigators. This would explain the many maritime expressions which dot the language of their descendants. At a railroad station, for instance, they embark and disembark: *embarquer et débarquer*. Speaking of the sides of the highway, they do not say *les côtés*, but *les bords;* consequently *changer de côté* becomes *virer de bord*. A well-dressed girl will be said *bien gréée*, as if speaking of a schooner.

Mgr Maurault is not very happy when he speaks of the young generation of artists:

> They went to Paris, these young painters. There they found the masters of deformation and surrealism, for, as you imagine, our School of Fine Arts has remained "traditionalist." They brought back a new art that we know very well but which is not for export. They are trying to acclimatize it under our skies. Well, they have really a great deal of talent. I shall name two of them established in Montreal: Borduas and Pellan.

The two French Canadians he speaks of are M. Montpetit and the Abbé Groulx. He repeats what he has said about them in other places and illustrates his sketches with extracts from their writings.

> No one among us writes better than M. Montpetit .... If we often quote him it is because he has a gift for making precise statements, lapidary phrases, luminous and exact syntheses.... Shoulders rather stooped, sculptured profile

enclosed in a beautiful shock of white hair, pleasant well-pitched voice, the orator begins slowly, warms up little by little, then suddenly bursts forth; thus, on numerous occasions, with precision, energy, and lofty eloquence, he has expressed the deepest thoughts of our French and Catholic people, their demands and ideals.

In Canada, as elsewhere, there are two ways of writing history. One either writes dispassionately; making use of public documents, speeches, proclamations and letters, one writes a history which in a way is official. Or one decides to judge events and men and uses documents, memoirs and letters which are like flashes of light in dark corners, and one writes a living history, full of shades and tones, truer than the other. But it does not please everybody.

The Abbé Groulx "adopted this second manner." Mgr Chartier, we remember, classified the Abbé Groulx as "poet-historian."

III

We may judge that the motive behind Mlle Isabelle Tonarelli's novel, *Jeunes Femmes*, is not very exalted, but we cannot fail to admire the density and richness and utter frankness of her prose. She takes revenge on Henri de Montherland, author of *Jeunes Filles*, whose conceit and whose conception of love she abominates. M. Guy Sylvestre once expressed the hope that Montherland, misogynist, fatalist, stoic, and nihilist, "might one day come upon being, which is Love." But the French author seems beyond hope. "One must attract and repel almost in the same gesture, light and throw away quickly, as one does a match." That is Montherland's tragic conception of love; or as Mlle Tonarelli says of the character Pierre D.: "He was sorry at bottom that he had not a harem where he might, by giving an order to the Great Eunuch, choose and have appear before him, without any complications, such and such a desired morsel whose pure lines while charming him would restore all his power. Then a blow on the gong and the object would disappear the moment it ceased to be useful." Mlle Tonarelli's plan of revenge is to subject Andrée, a rather homely woman of thirty whom Pierre has trifled with, to an English régime and prepare her to cope with this man who, as an author, believes he has mysterious power over young women. She receives him in a cottage where she has retired to read books on Renaissance art; he is stunned by her physical beauty, thinks she is an English miss, and tries his art of seduction. But the spell does not work. When she contrasts the emotional resources of men with those of women, he has never heard such frankness and her taunts utterly disarm him.

When he becomes brutal, she calls on her dog to put him out of the cottage. And certainly this delineation of contrasted psyches is the most satisfying moment in the terrific drubbing the author administers to this enemy of women.

All the other novels have a French-Canadian reference. Jacques Sauriol's *Le Desert des lacs* describes the detective work of a young Montrealer in connection with a train-wreck in northern Ontario. The intrigue leads to a North Bay wood-merchant who supplies liquor to local electioneers and gangs in the employ of American counterfeiters. There are wild chases in the bush after the malefactors and the women they have with them, and at last the detective rounds up the gang in the basement of a café; one of them, his brother, who had turned his back on the straight and narrow path, lay stripped on the floor, shot dead.

Two novels, *Tentations* and *Le Verger*, are saturated with sin or a sense of sin, which is becoming one of the major concerns of French-Canadian novelists. The first, written by the poet Gérard Martin, tells the story of Bérangère, to whom the religious in the convent would say, "You are too beautiful to live in this world that Christ cursed; you would be lost, Bérangère," and counsel her "to consecrate her burning heart to Him who alone can satisfy it." From Roger, Bérangère receives an engagement ring inscribed with the "sublime device: *In amore ad Deum*," which prepares us for the final solution. Roger is devoted to his mother, Rosemonde, but after his father's death he takes a key, opens a cabinet, finds some old letters his mother had written to a lover, and runs away with bitter hatred in his heart. If Roger believes all women are abject, hateful and accursed, Bérangère outdoes him in her detestation of men. She goes to Quebec and, with the certitude that man is evil, indulges in a debauchery of hatred. After this she returns to the Laurentian country, to Roger's home, where she nurses his sister Jacqueline, who is dying of consumption. Roger, now that his mother has satisfactorily explained the matter of the love-letters, returns and finds Bérangère, the image of the repentant sinner. His "young love rose up again smiling at this sweet temptation to give way, at this ardent woman standing between him and the priesthood." When he finds courage to speak to his "dear enemy," he says: "The infinite calls me." And she retorts: "You desire the priesthood for the salvation of souls and you abandon the first that offers itself to you." But the thing that counted for

Roger was "deliverance from sin." He became a Trappist, Brother Jacques, at Oka, and Bérangère threw herself into Rosemonde's arms crying: "Mama."

Le Verger is the work of a Jesuit, Father Gabriel La Rue. In it the sense of sin is not dramatized, but it is indoctrinated by priests and is given as the motivating impulse in the chief character, as in *Tentations*. The theme again is the struggle between love and sin, and the solution is the same. The new note is the revolt against industrial society, the study of the emotional aspects of the crisis occasioned by the meeting of traditional ways of thinking and feeling in a society built on the family and those of industrial life. In a family of manufacturers, where the parents' interests are centred upon the success of the business, the boy Jacques misses the affection of his mother and sister. He despises the business world and seeks affection elsewhere, in friends. He is sensitive when his father mentions his visits to Louise. So he leaves her to go off to the Laurentians with his friend Maurice. Here, amid the flora that Frère Marie-Victorin has made familiar, the two boys express their religious feeling for nature: "Here you would think the forest was singing hymns . . . . When we came here a moment ago did you not have the feeling that God touched our shoulders like a father? God overtakes us whenever He wishes, Maurice; we cannot escape Him. But I'm afraid that He escapes us." Back at school Jacques corresponds with Louise, although it is forbidden. To get him out of his revolt Father Vincent reads him a page of Léon Bloy's *La Femme pauvre* and makes him visit the poor to see Christ in the poor and open his heart to Christ's love. Father Vincent became a priest for love of Christ, and some of Jacques' friends have fled the world and entered the priesthood so as not to damn their souls; so Jacques, remembering a talk by a missionary father, hears the call to the mission field and leaves for China. The mysticism of nature, love, music and poetry distinguishes Father La Rue's book, which in other respects is a thesis novel. To us there is something repellent in this priestly advice to flee a world that is rotten with original sin, in this sinister separation of human love from love of Christ. Jacques is a cad. Bérangère's retort might well be addressed to him too. As he rides off in the train, this smug young man comforts his soul with the words: "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

The solution of the industrial crisis, as M. Henri Beaupray sees

it, lies in economic nationalism. His *Contes d'aujourd'hui* are moral tales with a single moral: nationalism. They dramatize lessons he has learned from his masters. In the last story, however, there are signs that this young writer may have progressed beyond the speculations and dreams of sociologists and nationalists. After believing for a moment that he had discovered the formula of universal liberation, "the emancipation of the poorer classes by a standard of life framed in a system of social laws designed for the common good," an old savant shut himself up with books on history and philosophy. What did he discover?

> Discovery is not the right word, since Thomist philosophy dates back several centuries. However, I have now the certitude that it is not knowledge that will free man but rather the rectitude of his desire and his conformity with practical truth. The woes of which he complains are in himself and not in things. Let him readjust his conscience to the measure of his created nature, let him learn a little more charity and justice and he will then believe he is freed from his own body.

Christian humanism is in the Quebec air; M. Beaupray has caught it and, in *Jours de Folie*, uses it to tincture the doctrines of M. Montpetit. There are two ways of looking at this novel: as propaganda and as art. M. Beaupray may not have progressed very far beyond the sociology of *Les beaux Jours viendront*, but he has progressed considerably as an artist. Jean Renaudier, in *Jours de Folie*, like Jacques Richard of *Le Verger*, is the son of a rich manufacturer. He is accounted a dreamer with little practical sense. He is engaged to Thérèse, who has a beautiful voice, but whose father is a poor barber. M. Renaudier refuses to have her for a daughter-in-law and drives Jean out of the house. At a restaurant Jean meets Thérèse with Alexandre, his brother, and realizes at once her perfidy; her ideal is money. He knocks Alexandre to the floor and is arrested. In gaol he is tormented by uncertainty and the fear that he is a murderer. He is released because Alexandre declares he is insane. He is nursed through an attack of pneumonia by Murielle, who has rooms in the boarding-house where he is staying. When he has recovered, he is invited by the editor of a newspaper, an old school friend, to join him. In his articles Jean preaches a new gospel: journalists, instead of being searchers after news in a materialist civilization, should be leaders of the masses and direct institutions towards culture: working-class culture, professional culture.

> As long as our economy keeps its present forms and principles we shall not prevent it from dehumanizing man. Why? you might say. Because it is too individualistic .... Because it is entirely governed by money, which is not human, has no patriotism, has no smell .... Only that economy which is turned toward culture will bring economic man into a human and national order. Only that will bring about a conversion in the humanity of our labouring masses.

Eventually Jean was thrown into prison for attacking an influential person. After being interviewed by doctors and lawyers, he was removed to an insane asylum. But he is not insane. He feels he must get out of the asylum, to save his mother from Alexandre and Thérèse, and to find Murielle again. One class of reader may feel that there is not enough detail in this story, that the social environment in which the problem evolves is sketchy, but the action is designedly mental and the author, in his choice of situations and the precision with which he delineates Jean's thinking in these situations, has achieved a fine piece of work.

In a French-Canadian community there are, inevitably, simple, credulous, pious souls, animated at bottom by shabby *bourgeois* instincts. M. Berthelot Brunet introduces us to some of them in his new book, *Le Mariage blanc d'Armandine*. We are reminded of Maupassant's or Flaubert's Normandy. M. Brunet is a moralist of the bitter type with a taste for maxims à La Rochefoucauld: "Love has always the last word, provided it is deceived." His art is a tone, self-conscious, sophisticated, malicious, incisive, with occasional feints. First of all M. Brunet is a wit: "Original sin has passed like a *blitzkrieg*"; "As Father Pacaud used to say, a house without children is like a Protestant church. It has all the appearances of religion, the appearances only." Ironist after the manner of Anatole France, though more scintillating, he appears to side with the simple souls he ridicules: "The worst of it is, Frederick became stubborn and frankly pretended that they had not the right to punish him for reading a masterpiece." And, like Anatole France, he aims many of his shafts at priests. This M. Lapointe he tells of was prudence personified; he could not live, he said, if he was not assured that he had enough to live on for two years ahead, but he was made a fool of by a hypothetical daughter-in-law who left an infant at his door. Lapointe's memories of college were the poetry of his life and he had a mania for collecting cigarette-ends in an old tobacco-pouch. He was employed in a newspaper office to correct proofs. Reading over the advertisements, and remembering how good Father Séguin taught his pupils

to declaim, he would cry out every five minutes: "Green pills! Green pills!" Madame Royer dreamed of her son Frederick, the boy who was punished for reading Hugo's *Les Contemplations*, "taking the cassock" she was making for him secretly. One day she found a letter on the table; it was from Frederick who informed her that he had taken a job as a bell-boy on a liner. He did not have the vocation. Madame Royer took the cassock to her cousin, a priest. "You will give it to some poor priest," she said. "I was too happy, too proud; God has punished me." Poets have sung of inquietude, says M. Brunet; Lapointe, Armandine, and Ferdinand were "born with the fear of rainy days and old age." With less wit, but with a feeling for old things that pass away, Louis Fréchette sketched twelve eccentric Quebec types in *Originaux et détraqués*, first published in 1892.

François Hertel, whose book *Pour un Ordre personnaliste* we mentioned at the beginning of this survey, is a revolutionary: the conformism of Quebec irritates him, as it irritates M. Brunet. In the sober, orthodox, and often dull circus of French-Canadian letters, he is the jester; his booth is a youth celebration, noisy, frolicsome, fantastic, familiar, where laughter is contagious. A puckish smile lights up the boyish face of this ex-Jesuit. He has created a new thrill. His books are mosaics of pieces joined together expressly to make fun. Is he not French Canadian of long standing? Does he not like to identify himself with that Hertel who was among the first colonists? Yet he might say: "I am French, I am English." That is his mind's climate: paradox. Two masters of English have tempered this Frenchman: the Chesterton of *Manalive*, and Poe, the split personality, the father of surrealists. Since he speaks of the "scattered elements of a personality," we may call him a scattered personality. He feels personality dramatically, as an interplay of characters in himself. Charles Lepic, his *alter ego*, is the man Hertel would like to be, the man he appeals to for wise judgments, the diverse man who understands the diversity of creative genius, mentor of Anatole Laplante whose problem is just that: literary creation. In *Mondes chimériques* we are told that Lepic and Laplante meet on St Catherine Street and become friends. Together they make a composite of the real and surreal, the lucid and the crazy. And that is Hertel. He is a creative act in which fancies, dreams, suggestions, influences come and go without forming anything solid. His *Anatole Laplante*,

curieux homme gives us an impression of his own personality. "We are never exactly what we would like to be. Too many circumstances in our lives, too many beings pass in us or near us and modify our own being for us to believe those gentlemen who maintain that a personality is a thing that each of us moulds by himself and in an autonomous fashion." Many influences flow into the act of literary creation; the literary creator must in his own interests welcome these influences: a receiving instrument with antennae in the air. So Hertel catches all the impressions, dreams, stories, and ideas that happen to be in the air about him and, as he says, it is a "dance of characters": a Lautréamont-Rimbaud-Cocteau ballet. Hertel is a wit. But compared with Brunet's disillusioned lucidity this is a Rimbaldian "disorder of all the senses." The fact of the matter seems to be that Hertel was born with a fury to create books. After reading *Mondes chimériques*, M. Marcel Raymond was reminded of Madame de Sévigné's rebuke to her daughter: "Your books make me know your library too well and your heart not well enough."

In *L'Abatis*, Abbé Félix-Antoine Savard, the author of *Menaud*, has written a hymn of praise to the pioneers of the Abitibi region. What makes the book a work of art is its sensitive reaction to nature, its patriotism, its poetry; for some of this prose is poetry. Like M. Léo-Paul Desrosiers, this writer is exalted before nature. On seeing wild geese returning north he breaks into song: "They come to us in the spring at night, on the south wind, by the highways of the air." He is exalted before the *Relations* of Jacques Cartier and dreams that one day a professor will select for his students some of the best pages of Cartier, "the first of our history and the least known, to be for them a kind of introduction to the knowledge of their country . . . . They would learn from them that the hold of a ship was the cradle of our people; they would acquire fine healthy minds, audacity, dash, a curiosity for the things of nature, a need for each to see for himself; they would discover that it was not without risks and privations that the blessings of this country were won for them." The author himself has taken the first step and given us a few selections accompanied with vivid commentaries.

Adagio, the first published work of Félix Leclerc, is a collection of short stories of universal appeal written with the sensitiveness of a poet. In the beautifully presented *Légendes laurentiennes*

François Crusson has published adaptations of the principal Canadian legends: the phantom ship, the phantom priest, the werwolf, the goblins, the reeling head, the church bell which rang miraculously when the missionary died, the legend of St. Anne.

Several new editions of novels previously published were issued this year. *A travers les anciens Canadiens*, by M. Pierre-Georges Roy, is a commentary on the most popular of French-Canadian novels, with selections. M. Roy has edited in like manner the same author's *Mémoires*.

IV

The theme of *La France vivra*, a tragi-comedy in three acts by M. Henri Deyglun, is particularly alive at the moment. As French colonists struggled to survive against savage enemies in 1655 so French-Canadian commandos marooned in France struggle to evade equally savage enemies in 1943. The dialogue is fresh and humorous, the events rather obvious. Jeanne Mance is given perhaps more than her share of attention. Two plays, written some years ago, now appear in print, *Veille d'examen*, by E. Sonet, is a fanciful sketch full of literary references helpful to students. It was warmly received at the University of Alberta, where it was first produced in 1937. *Maldonne* (*Misdeal*), a one-act play by Arthur Prévost, was judged the best Canadian play produced at the Winnipeg Festival in 1938. The action is motivated by the jealousy of a factory owner who, after declaring his feelings to his secretary, finds she is in love with a young workman in the factory.

The most interesting poems of 1943 were written by Mlle Cécile Chabot and François Hertel. *L'Heure de la chimère*, by M. Philippe E. Maingot, contains discreetly sentimental poems of moonlight, bouquets, roses, dreams, war and legends, birds and butterflies, and sweet languor. The author, born in Algeria and now settled at High Prairie, knows particularly the prairies and the Rockies. Father Lorenzo Gauthier's *Maman médite* is a collection of private devotions for each day of the week. Madame Françoise Gaudet-Smet, who founded the monthly review *Paysana*, has collected some delicate poems in *Heures d'amour*. The hours of love are the happy hours of her married life, hours with her baby. As a mother she thinks of all mothers and of "Madame Marie" in her family with her baby. Madame Alberte Langlais-Campagna has published more of her domestic poems under the

titles *Vie* and *Effigies*, with illustrations by Cécile Chabot. Mme Jeanne-L'Archevêque Duguay's *Offrande* is made up of motherly joys and sorrows and simple piety in the form of little prose poems, attractively illustrated by M. Rodolphe Duguay.

M. Roger Brien, on whose work we commented last year, has added a volume to his growing list of religious meditations. *Salut, ô Reine* is a paraphrase of the *Salve Regina*. One needs devotional preparation to enjoy M. Brien's romantic invocations. On the other hand, the ordinary intelligent lay reader can enjoy François Hertel's religious portraits. *Strophes et catastrophes* illustrate the theory of personality expressed in *Anatole Laplante, curieux homme*, that we are not autonomous creatures, that many beings pass in or near us and modify our being, our creative acts. In the present instance these beings are poets and saints: Jammes, Baudelaire with his "correspondances"

> (Il existe un parfum de la dance, et la fleur,
> Pour peu que les parfums et les sons se répondent . . .);

Rimbaud, the imagists, and the surrealists

> (Du lait bleu de la lune et du miel des étoiles . . . .
> Le soir est accroupi . . . .
> Il ouvre contre moi sa gueule de chacal . . .);

saints of the Society of Jesus, of whom he speaks in Péguy's familiar manner and Claudel's long lines

> (Ecoute-moi, père d'une famille très nombreuse . . . .
> Ce que j'admire chez toi,
> C'est la sainteté sans la technique.
> En voilà un qui savait ce que c'est que de planter l'Eglise,
> D'être un témoin de catholicité,
> De semer à pleines mains et de laisser le reste à Dieu . . .);

and the Jesuit martyrs of Canada. The collection ends with a dramatic interlude, "Youth." To the youth of today the author introduces representative men who attained the summits of human genius: "Rodin, or the sculptor," "Stravinsky, or the musician," "Rilke, or the poet," "Claudel, or the metaphysician," "Cézanne, or the painter," "Pavlova and Nijinsky, or the dancers," "Pasteur, or the scientist," "Viollet-le-Duc, or the architect." These creators speak in the heights of the stratosphere among comets and nebulae. They are eternally young, and the author claims that "the only beauty is to be young."

The work of Mlle Cécile Chabot is a pure joy of rhyme, cadence,

and delicate fancy. *Imagerie*, a Christmas story, is illustrated in colour by the author. One September night on the Island of Orleans she looked out at a sky full of stars. It looked like a Christmas sky. Then her imagination recreated the old Christmas story in a very novel way. Joseph and Mary journey from Quebec to "the Island" and their vicissitudes are such as might befall travellers in Quebec in winter time.

"Mais
la route
est longue, paraît-il,
de Québec à Sainte-Pétronille
de l'île.
Et je ne connais pas
la route,"

Joseph complains.

"Il ne faut pas
que tu t'inquiètes
comme ça,
Joseph,"

replies "Madame Marie" of Quebec, in the familiar language that Mlle Chabot loves. A lamp is burning in a window here and there. Joseph is afraid the town will wake up and they will lose their way among the automobiles and street-cars and business men hurrying to their offices. He is more anxious still when a snow-storm blinds their way and they are frozen to the bone. They hail a passing cutter, and so, seated among cabbages, turnips, chickens, and turkeys, they cross to the island, where the sacristan has a *crèche* prepared: wooden sheep, plaster cow and donkey, carton fir-trees, shepherds, and angels dangling from the sky. Joseph is still anxious: "If only your mother, St. Anne, had come with us," he sighs, "she could have told us what to do when babies come into the world." At midnight the bells ring out inviting all the people round to come and adore the Child. Then the most charming of Miss Chabot's miracles happens. All the wooden, carton, and plaster objects become living things; "like sea-gulls the angels, without their strings, glide between the earth and the firmament." And Joseph, who had been so worried, comes to the cradle, "rather shy, his fingers entangled in his red beard," smiling, and adores the Infant God.

There are two or three little books that one hardly knows how to classify. M. Pierre d'Oïl's *Nuits et jours* are prose poems cele-

brating nature. Mlle Thérèse Tardif's *Désespoir de vieille fille* is a collection of bitter reflections and heart-rending cries, some in English, of a woman frustrated in her desire. As remarkable for their distilled tartness as the maxims of the most disillusioned moralist, these reflections brought forth a reply from Marie de Villers, *Réponse à Désespoir de vieille fille*. Together the two books constitute a literary phenomenon. Of Mlle Tardif's life we know nothing. But Marie de Villers is the assumed name of Mlle Simone Routier, of whom Marcel Dugas wrote recently in *Approches*. She is one of the Paris group; and a few days after her fiancé was killed in an automobile accident she had to flee from France. There is surely enough frustration in that life to breed despair; but this poet answers bitterness and cynicism with love and a Christian understanding of sacrifice: "Jean does not say to me, I love you; he proves it to me." Yet of the two books it is the concentrated bitterness of Mlle Tardif's sentences that lingers in one's memory.

As we close these notes on poetry we remember that one of the purest poetic voices of French Canada has been stilled for ever. Saint Denys Garneau, on whose work Guy Sylvestre, Marcel Dugas, and Pierre Gélinas have written penetrating and appreciative essays, was drowned last October at Saint Catherine, near Quebec.

V

M. Robert Rumilly has this year added two more volumes to his *Histoire de la province de Québec*. In volume ten he describes the activity and patriotism of Israël Tarte, and the role he played in the development of Montreal. Volume eleven, entitled *S.-N. Parent*, deals with the founding of the Ligue Nationaliste and the question of the press in Montreal. This history is a kind of cinematographic chronicle of political events and careers rather than a study undertaken to the end of "preserving and fructifying our national values." As Mgr Maurault said of the Abbé Groulx's history, it will not please everybody. It will please neither M. Minville nor Mgr Maurault. Here we may mention the fourth volume of *Discours et conférences* by Sir Thomas Chapais, who figures at intervals in M. Rumilly's *Histoire*. Chapais is an historian, journalist and politician, a conservative who puts principle before party. Volume eight of *Les Cahiers des Dix* contains articles on the life of the Historical Society of Montreal from 1858

to 1916, by M. Victor Morin, social life in Quebec about 1800, by Abbé Albert Tessier, land surveyors of New France, by M. Pierre-Georges Roy, and other historical studies. Besides contributing to the *Cahiers* M. Roy has published an exhaustive history of the Seigneury of Beaumont; M. Francis-J. Audet, some notes on the history of the Seigneury of Varennes; and M. Morin a cocktail of historical and literary anecdotes and maxims, entitled *L'Utile et le futile*. *Semences de vie*, by the late Mgr Camille Roy of Laval, is a collection of historical sketches written on various occasions. These are seeds of ideas and works suggested by history and national life. In a thirty-two page brochure, *Trois Ans de guerre*, M. Gustave Lanctot, Dominion archivist, reviews the first three years of the present war, the political situation in Europe, and the causes of the war. M. Antoine Roy, archivist of the Province of Quebec, has published *Aveu et dénombrement*, a document drawn up by the Gentlemen of the Seminary which describes the Island of Montreal in 1731. In his *Report* as Archivist M. Roy includes a long item which must be of special interest to Anglicans: "Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec. A Summary of his Correspondence and of Papers related thereto for the years 1793-1799," the compilation made by Canon A. R. Kelley. In the *Report* of La Société canadienne d'histoire de l'Eglise catholique for 1941-2, there is a discourse by the Abbé Groulx on "The religious situation in French Canada about 1840," and an informative article by Father Lucien Beauregard on "The part played by M. Isaac-Stanislas Désaulniers in the introduction of Thomism in French Canada about the time of the religious renaissance of 1840-1855." *Dix Années de colonisation à Ste-Anne-de-Roquemaure*, by M. Donat-C. Noiseux, tells the story of a community in Abitibi since 1933, when twelve colonists arrived there. *Nos Droits minoritaires*, by the late Abbé Wilfrid Morin, is a plea for justice based on history and law. The first part discusses "Minorities and International Law," the second "French Minorities in Canada." Order and harmony, says the author, will not reign in Canada unless the rights of minorities are respected and he offers Quebec's treatment of minorities as an example that should be followed. His solutions are: the right to create public utilities, to establish public schools in which the language used is that of the minority, and the right to a proportional share of public moneys provided for educational purposes.

There were no important biographies published this year, unless we include in this section M. Louis-Philippe Audet's *Le Frère Marie-Victorin, ses idées pédagogiques*, whose best service is to bring the celebrated botanist's writings under our eyes and make us realize that behind the learned discussions of Laurentian and Cuban flora there is a healthy understanding of educational method, a vision that sees beyond the bastions, and a conception of a hierarchy of values in which the disinterested search for truth and the organization of knowledge "are infinitely above that contingence called race." In the Botanical Institute of the University of Montreal, which he created twenty-two years ago, and in public conferences, his work has been to bring to his people a knowledge of their botanical environment, to inculcate a respect for scientific knowledge, and to train instructors who will disseminate it. Incidentally he has cured French-Canadian writers of their botanical illiteracy. In 1917 he wrote: "I defy a cultured outsider to grasp the true physiognomy of Laurentian nature by the mass of our literary productions." In the collection "Les Anciens" there is M. Robert Prévost's *Chénier, l'opiniâtre*, a brief story of the patriot of 1837, and M. Roger-D. Parent's *Duvernay, le magnifique*, founder and president of the Jean-Baptiste Society, newspaper proprietor, and mouthpiece of the patriots. We have several short accounts of preachers and missionaries. Another little book narrates experiences of a different order, those of *Jacques Chevrier*, squadron leader in the R.C.A.F., lost while pursuing an enemy submarine that had torpedoed two merchant ships off Cap-Chat in the St Lawrence.

VI

The remaining material includes sermons by Father B. Gattet and Father Paul-Henri Barabé; a book of spiritual exercises based on the Sermon on the Mount, *La Charte du royaume chrétien*, by Father Adrien Malo; meditations by Paul L'Ermite; a thesis on the Seven Churches (spoken of in the Apocalypse) by Father Léandre Poirier; two travel books, one on Brittany and Normandy by Arthur Lepage, the other on the French Cameroons by Father Albert; and *L'Agriculture et l'église*, by Father Jean Bergeron, designed to show that these two are intimate friends, both of divine origin. Professor Jean-Marie Gauvreau, director of the School of Furniture of Montreal and well known for his *Artisans*

du Québec (1940), has this year published *Secrets et resources des bois du Québec*, a very useful text-book for instructors of manual training in schools. M. C.-V. Johnson's book on the pendulum, *A travers le Temps et l'espace*, contains a story which will interest Quebec antiquarians. By "metapsychic television" and with the aid of the pendulum the author claims to have solved the mystery of the disappearance of the chapel in which Champlain was buried: the pendulum verified the hypothesis that it was destroyed by the earthquake of 1663. The first National Congress of the Missionary Union of the Clergy of Canada was held in September 1942. Among the "Acts" of the Congress, now published, are two discourses on "The Protestant Problem." Mgr Alexandre Vachon stated the problem as he sees it here in Canada, while Mgr L. P. Whelan spoke on "The Science and Art of Conversion." "Canadian Protestantism," said the Archbishop of Ottawa,

> presents a very vague doctrine. A few rare intellectuals lose themselves in philosophies which are very often atheistic, while the people slip into a naturalism without faith. The only invariable principle common to all Protestant sects is freedom of thought regarding Holy Scripture, from which springs all the doctrinal divergencies and, as a consequence, weakening of the faith and laxity of morals. The infiltration of Protestant naturalism among our Catholics is going on at an alarming rate. Many factors contribute to this: principally lay schools and colleges, social contacts, and especially the terrible scourge of mixed marriages. This picture throws into relief the nobility and urgency of the task of conversion.

M. Raymond Parent's *Etude bibliographique des publications du Bureau international du travail* will be a useful guide-book to all who are interested in social and labour problems.

It may not be out of order to note, in conclusion, a growing interest in French-Canadian letters and in French Canada as a field of research. Mr Hughes's study is reviewed above. A group of scholars has been organized within the Modern Language Association of America for the investigation of the literature and linguistics of the French-speaking elements of North America. Certain American universities and colleges—Smith, Detroit, and perhaps Michigan by now—have provided courses in French-Canadian literature and civilization. A number of dissertations on French-Canadian themes were presented this year in English-Canadian universities. In Rio de Janeiro M. Jean Désy, the Canadian minister, seems to have charmed the Brazilian public with his anthology of French-Canadian poetry, *Ici des Poètes canadiens vous parlent du Canada*.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Achard (**Eugène**), Aux jardins du Richelieu (Montréal, Libr. Générale canadienne, 128 pp., 25c.); Le château du rat-musqué, adapté de Fenimore Cooper (Montréal, Libr. Générale canadienne, 143 pp., 40c.); Les contes de la clair-fontaine (Montréal, Libr. Générale canadienne, 128 pp., 25c.); Les grandes légendes de l'histoire (Montréal, Libr. Générale canadienne, 128 pp., 25c.); Les naufrages du Saint-Laurent (Montréal, Libr. Générale canadienne, 127 pp., 25c.). **Albert** (**André**), Au Cameroun français; Bandjoun, ouvrage couronné par l'Académie française, éd. cor. et augmentée (Collection "France forever"; Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 282 pp., $1.50). **Alexandre** (**Marie**), L'espion de Jacques Cartier (Montréal, Libr. Générale canadienne, 144 pp., 40c.). **Arès** (**Richard**), Notre question nationale (Montréal, Edns. de l'Action nationale, 240 pp.). **Audet** (**François-Joseph**), Les députés de Montréal (ville et comtés) 1792-1867, études biographiques, anecdotiques et historiques (Montréal, Edns. des Dix, 455 pp., $2.00). **Audet** (**Louis-Philippe**), Le frère Marie-Victorin, ses idées pédagogiques (Québec, Edns. de l'Erable, 1942, 283 pp.). **Barabé** (**Paul-Henri**), Obstacles, comment les vaincre (Montréal, Edns. Fides; Ottawa, Université d'Ottawa, 301 pp., $1.25). **Beaupray** (**Charles-Henri**), Contes d'aujourd'hui (Québec, Action catholique, 223 pp., $1.00); Jours de folie, roman (Quebec, Action catholique, 214 pp., 85c.). **Bergeron** (**Jean**), L'agriculture et l'église, deux amies intimes d'origine divine (Québec, chez l'auteur, Dept. de Colonisation, 210 pp., $1.00). **Bernier** (**Robert**), Jacques Chevrier, chef d'escadrille R.C.A.F., tombé en service au large de Cap-Chat (Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.J.C., 95 pp., 35c.). **Boivin** (**Léonce**), Le combat social, tome V, Au théâtre de la vie "La famille" (Les Eboulements, l'auteur, curé des Eboulements, xvi, 239 pp.). **Bourcier** (**Charlemagne**), D'un œil à l'autre (Montréal, Beauchemin, 262 pp., $2.50). **Brien** (**Roger**), Salut, ô reine; paraphrase du Salve regina, poème (Montréal, le Messager canadien, 139 pp., $1.00) **Bruchési** (**Jean**), De Ville-Marie à Montréal (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 154 pp.). **Brunet** (**Berthelot**), Le mariage blanc d'Armandine, contes (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 210 pp., $1.00). **Cahiers d'art ARCA.** I Peinture, sculpture, broderie, et vitrail par Henri Charlier, with intro. by Pierre Ladoué (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 131 pp. + 22 pp. of full-page illus.). **Les Cahiers des Dix,** no. 8 (Montréal, Edns. des Dix, 321 pp., $1.75). **Campagna** (**Alberte** [**Langlais**]), Effigies, dessins de Cécile Chabot (Montréal, l'Institut Familial, 88 pp., $1.00), Vie, dessins de Cécile Chabot (Montréal, l'Institut Familial, 98 pp., $1.00). **Chabot** (**Cécile**), Imagerie, conte de Noël avec dessins par l'auteur (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 67 pp., 75c.). **Chapais** (**Sir Joseph-Amable-Thomas**), Discours et conférences (Québec, Libr. Garneau, xxi, 458 pp., $1.50). **Comité permanent de la Survivance française en Amerique,** La coopération, facteur de la survivance française (Bulletin, Pour survivre, tome V, no. 3; Québec, Université Laval). **Congrès national de l'Union missionnaire du Clergé au Canada** (secteur de langue française, 1st., Montréal, 1942), Actes (Québec, Conseil national de l'Union missionnaire du Clergé, 209 pp., $1.00). **Crusson** (**François**), see Cusson (Philippe). **Cusson** ((**Jean**), Un réformateur du théâtre, Léon Chancerel (Montréal, Edns. Fides,-97 pp.). **Cusson** (**Philippe**) [François Crusson, pseud.] Légendes laurentiennes, légendes adaptées et suivies d'une nouvelle historique [Louis Auger] du

même auteur (Montréal, Edns. du l'Agence Duvernay, 158 pp.). **Dablon (Claude)**, see La Rue (Gabriel). **Descôteau (J.-L.), Martin (Roméo)** and **Ferron (Raynald)**, La coopérative agricole, organisme de perfectionnement (Québec, Ministère de l'Agriculture de la province de Québec, 133 pp.). **Deyglun (Henry)**, La France vivra [play] (Montréal, Edns. de la Revue moderne, 142 pp.). **D'Oïl (Pierre)**, Nuits et jours (Montréal, Valiquette, 208 pp., $1.25). **Dubé (Alice-Lévesque)**, Il y a soixante ans, préface de François Hertel (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 158 pp., $1.00). **Dubé (Rodolphe)** [François Hertel, *pseud.*], Anatole Laplante, curieux homme (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 165 pp.); Pour un ordre personnaliste (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 333 pp., $1.25); Strophes et catastrophes [poems] (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 111 pp.). **Dugay (Jeanne-L'Archevêque)**, Offrande, poèmes (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 108 pp., $1.00). **Elie (Robert)**, Borduas (Collection art vivant, no. 2; Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 24, 20 pp., 80c.). **Falardeau (Emile)**, Artistes et artisans du Canada, troisième série, Rapin; quatrième série, Les Cirier (Montréal, Ducharme, 86 pp., 60c.). **Fortin (Alphonse)**, Les saints martyrs canadiens; préface de S. Exc. Mgr. Georges Courchesne (Rimouski, Québec, Edns. du Centre Saint Germain; Montréal, Edns. Fides, 132 pp., 60c.). **Fréchette (Louis)**, Originaux et détraqués, douze types québecquois (Montréal, Beauchemin, 350 pp., $1.25). **Gagnon (Maurice)**, Peinture moderne, 2e éd. (Montréal, Valiquette, 143 pp., $1.50); Pellan (Collection art vivant; Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 36, 20 pp.). **Gattet (B.)**, Explication du pontifical, sermons de retraites (Echos du Séminaire) (Montréal, Grand Séminaire et Granger, 376 pp., $1.25); Sujets d'oraison (Echos du Séminaire) (Montréal, Grand Séminaire et Granger, 1942, 406 pp., $1.25). **Gaudet-Smet (Françoise)**, Heures d'amour (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 170 pp., $1.00). **Gautier (Lorenzo)**, Maman médite (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 152 pp., 60c.). **Gauvreau (Jean-Marie)**, Secrets et ressources des bois du Québec (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 225 pp.). **Groulx (Lionel-Adolphe)**, Pourquoi nous sommes divisés (Montréal, Edns. de l'Action nationale, 42 pp.). **Harvey (Jean-Charles)**, Les Grenouilles demandent un roi (Montréal, Edns. du Jour, 156 pp., $1.00). **Hertel (François)**, see Dubé (Rodolphe). **Hughes (E. C.)**, French Canada in transition (Chicago, University of Chicago Press; Toronto, Gage, x, 227 pp., $3.00). **Johnson (C. V.)**, A travers le temps et l'espace avec le pendule (Montréal, Beauchemin, 220 pp., $1.25). **Kerdrue (Maurice)**, Joliff et Magadur, hommes de mer (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 238 pp., $1.25). **Koninck (Charles-Decruydt de)**, De la primauté du bien commun contre les personnalistes; le principe de l'ordre nouveau, préface de son éminence le Cardinal Villeneuve (Québec, Université Laval, xxiii, 195 pp., $1.25), Ego sapientia . . . la sagesse qui est Marie (Québec, Université Laval; Montréal, Edns. Fides, 176 pp., $1.00). **Lachance (Louis)**, Philosophie du langage (Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 216 pp., $1.50). **Lanctot (Gustave)**, Trois ans de guerre, 1939-1942 (Montréal, Ducharme. 32 pp., $1.00). **La Rue (Gabriel)**, [Claude Dablon, *pseud.*], Le verger, roman (Montréal, Le Messager canadien, 203 pp.). **Leclerc (Félix)**, Adagio, contes (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 204 pp. $1.00). **Lepage (Arthur)**, Normandie et Bretagne, récit d'un voyage au royaume de l'herbage, un mois en Normandie et en Bretagne sous la ménace de la guerre . . . mars et avril, 1939 (Montréal, Thérien frères, 247 pp., $1.50). **Maheux (Joseph-Thomas-Arthur)**, Pour-

quoi sommes-nous divisés? Causeries radio-phoniques présentées et transmises par les postes du réseau français de Radio-Canada (Ottawa, Radio-Canada, 219 pp., $1.00). **Maillard (Charles),** Vers un art canadien, lettre aux anciens à l'occasion du 20e anniversaire de fondation de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts de Montréal (Montréal, Ecole des Beaux Arts, 15 pp.). **Maingot (Philippe)** [Ph. Montaig, *pseud.*], L'heure de la chimère, recueil poétique (High Prairie, Alta., Libr. P. Maingot, $1.00). **Malo (Adrien-M.),** La charte du royaume chrétien (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 318 pp., $1.00). **Marion (Séraphin),** Nos trois premiers romans canadiens-français (Université Laval, Ecole des sciences sociales, politiques et économiques, Cahiers, tome II, no. 5) (Québec, Edns. du Cap Diamant, 46 pp., 15c.). **Martin (Gérard),** Tentations, roman (Québec, Libr. Garneau, 239 pp., $1.00). **Martin (Paul-A.),** Editions et lectures (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 93 pp.). **Massé (Oscar),** La conscience de Pierre Laubier, roman (Montréal, Beauchemin, 160 pp., 75c). **Maurault (Olivier),** Aux Louisianais (Montréal, Edns. des Dix, 160 pp., $1.00); Moisson de Ville Marie (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 1942, 198 pp., $1.00). **Minville (Esdras),** Invitation à l'étude (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 169 pp., 75c.). **Montaig (Ph.),** *see* Maingot (Philippe). **Montréal économique,** étude préparée à l'occasion du troisième centenaire de la ville (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 430 pp.). **Montréal, Institut des Sœurs de Charité de la Province,** Sous le signe de la charité, centenaire 1843-1943 (Montréal, l'Institut, 250 pp.). **Morency (Jacques),** Vive la Canadienne! roman; préface par Louis Philippe Poisson (Trois-Rivières, Robert et Robert, 117 pp., 50c.). **Morin (Victor)** L'utile et le futile (Montréal, Valiquette, 314 pp., $1.25). **Morin (Wilfrid),** Nos droits minoritaires, les minorités françaises au Canada. (Philosophie et problèmes contemporains; Montréal, Edns. Fides, 431 pp., $1.50). **Morisseau (Henri),** Le père Arthur Paquette, oblat de Marie Immaculée, 1880-1936; à l'assaut de la vie (Ottawa, Edns. de l'Université, 213 pp., $1.10). **Morisset (Gérard),** Les églises et le trésor de Varennes (Collection Champlain; Québec, Charrier et Dugal, 39 pp., 60c.); Evolution d'une pièce d'argenterie (Collection Champlain; Québec, Charrier et Dugal, 32 pp., 50c.); Philippe Liébert (Collection Champlain; Québec, Charrier et Dugal, 32 pp., 50c.). **Noiseux (Donat-C.),** 1933-1943, dix années de colonisation à Ste Anne-de-Roquemaure (Québec, Ministère de la Colonisation, 75 pp.). **Opinions;** tribune d'information sur les problèmes de l'après guerre, dirigée par Raymond Tanghé (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 159 pp., 50c.). **Panneton (Philippe),** Un monde était leur empire (Montréal, Les Edns. Variétés; Dussault et Peladeau, 350 pp., $1.50). **Parent (Raymond),** Etude bibliographique des publications du Bureau international du Travail au Ministère du Travail, Québec (Québec, 67 pp.). **Parent (Roger-D.),** Duvernay, le magnifique (Collection illustrée "Les anciens," no. 1; Montréal, Institut de la Nouvelle France, 30 pp., 25c.). **Paul [L'Ermite],** La divine Providence (Carnet d'un solitaire; Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 124 pp., 75c.); La foi vivante, 2e éd. (Carnet d'un solitaire; Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 142 pp., 75c.); La science d'aimer, amour-amitié-bonheur (Carnet d'un solitaire; Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 219 pp., $1.00). **Petit (Gérard),** L'homme contemporain et le problème moral (Philosophie et problèmes contemporains, no. 3; Montréal, Edns. Fides, 636 pp., $2.00). **Pion (J-Wilfrid),** Ce que peut l'amour; roman de mœurs canadiennes (Chez l'auteur; achevé d'imprimer à l'imprimerie du Sacré-Cœur à Laprairie le

15 avril pour J-Wilfrid Pion, 345 pp.). **Poirier** (**Léandre**), Les sept églises ou le premier septénaire prophétique de l'apocalypse (Montréal, Couvent des Franciscains, xii, 208 pp., $2.50). **Prévost** (**Arthur**), Maldonne, pièce en un acte [first produced in 1938] (Sorel, Edns. Princeps, 48 pp.). **Prévost** (**Robert**), Chénier, l'opiniâtre (Collection "Les Anciens," no. 2; Montréal, Institut de la Nouvelle France, 30 pp., 25c.). **Raymond** (**Marcel**), Le jeu retrouvé; préface de Gustave Cohen (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, xiv, 241 pp., $1.50). **Richard** (**J. B.**), Saint Dénis sur Richelieu 1900 à 1940 avec notes supplementaires jusqu'à 1943 (Documents Mascoutains, no. 15; St. Hyacinthe, Société d'histoire régionale de St. Hyacinthe, 251 pp., $1.25). **Ringuet,** *see* Panneton (Phillippe). **Ristelhueber** (**René**), Mission française (Montréal, Edns. Variétés, 228 pp.). **Roy** (**Antoine**), Aveu et dénombrement de Montréal (Québec, Archives de la province de Québec, 176 pp., $1.00), Rapport de l'Archiviste de la province de Québec pour 1942-1943 (Québec, Rédempti Paradis, xvi, 486 pp.). **Roy** (**Camille**), Du fleuve aux océans (Montréal, Beauchemin, 189 pp.); Semences de vie (Québec, Action catholique, 199 pp.). **Roy** (**Pierre-Georges**), A travers les anciens Canadiens de Philippe Aubert de Gaspé (Montréal, Ducharme, 279 pp.); A travers les mémoires de Philippe Aubert de Gaspé (Montréal, Ducharme, 296 pp.); A travers l'histoire de Beaumont (Lévis, 309 pp., $1.00). **Rumilly** (**Robert**), Histoire de la province de Québec. X, XI (Montréal, Valiquette, 262, 244 pp., $1.00 each). **Sauriol** (**Jacques**), Le désert des lacs, roman (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 1942, 200 pp.). **Savard** (**Félix-Antoine**), L'Abatis (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 209 pp., $1.00). **Simard** (**Ludovic**), Sous les balles de la gestapo! roman d'actualité (Montréal, Typographie Lafontaine, 1037 rue St-Denis, 150 pp.). **La Société canadienne d'Histoire de l'Eglise catholique,** Rapport, 1941-42 (Ottawa, la Société, secr. M. Séraphin Marion, Archives nationales, 74 pp., 146 pp.). **Société des Ecrivains canadiens,** Bulletin bibliographique, année 1943 (Montréal, La Société, Ecole normale, 109 pp.). **Sonet** (**E.**), Veille d'examen, fantasie en un acte (Toronto, Macmillan, 1942, iv, 28 pp.). **Sylvestre** (**Guy**), ed., Anthologie de la poésie canadienne d'expression française (Montréal, Valiquette, 141 pp.); Poètes catholiques de la France contemporaine, préface de Jean Bruchési (Montréal, Edns. Fides, 119 pp., $1.00). **Tanghe** (**Raymond**), Initiation à la géographie humaine (Collection Radio-Collège; Montréal, Edns. Fides, 198 pp.). **Tardif** (**Thérèse**), Désespoir de vieille fille (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 124 pp.). **Tessier** (**Albert**) [Tavi, *pseud.*], L'Enigme américaine (Collection Radio-Collège; Edns. Fides, 192 pp., $1.00). **Tonarelli** (**Isabelle**), Jeunes femmes, roman (Montréal, Valiquette, 304 pp., $1.25). **Tremblay** (**Jacques**), Constantes (Collection Culture intégrale, no. 4; Montréal, Edns. Fides, 103 pp., 40c.). **Union missionnaire du Clergé au Canada,** Actes du premier congrès national (secteur de langue française) tenu à Montréal en septembre 1942 (Québec, Conseil national de l'Union missionnaire du Clergé, 210 pp.). **Valois** (**Marcel**), Figures de danse (Montréal, Edns. Variétés, 181 pp., $1.25). **Viatte** (**Auguste**), L'Extrême-Orient et nous (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 1942, 93 pp.); Victor Hugo et les illuminés de son temps (Montréal, Edns. de l'Arbre, 1942, 284 pp.). **Villers** (**Marie de**), Réponse à désespoir de vieille fille (Montréal, Beauchemin, 125 pp., 75c.).

V. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS — WATSON KIRKCONNELL

The first volume of Czech poetry to be printed in Canada was published in Montreal in April, 1943. *Night on Mount Royal* is the work of Captain Rudolf Nekola, member of a Czechoslovak military mission, who has recorded in verse of vigour and modernity his impressions of Canada. Strictly speaking, Captain Nekola is not a Canadian; but his present work, like that of the French novelist, Louis Hémon, represents the effect of the Canadian scene on a sensitive spirit from abroad. As a book inspired by Canada and printed in Canada, it merits a place in the present survey. The volume comprises twenty-seven poems, arranged in three series: The first group, subtitled "Voyage to Canada," consists of seven poems: Liverpool, The Irish Sea, Homesickness at Sea, On Deck, A Psalm at Sea, The Convoy, The Last Watch. The second group, subtitled "From Sea to Sea," consists of nine poems: I Saw the Light of Halifax, Montreal, The Prairie, Maria Chapdelaine, Christmas at Quebec, Moon over the Rockies, Chinook, Vancouver, A Song from Canada. The third and longest section, subtitled "Night on Mount Royal," includes eleven poems: Moon over Montreal, Saturday Evening, Sunday, Sport, Conversation, Till I Shall be Home, Serpentine in the Park, Victory, The Humble Pilgrim, Night on Mount Royal, Good-bye. In his minuscular line-headings, his free verse, his elimination of all punctuation except question-marks, and his frequent use of incantatory repetition, Captain Nekola is a sophisticated modern. Nevertheless, he has an eye for traditional patterns as well, and frequently uses strictly rhymed quatrains, cinquains, sestets and octaves as stanza-forms. His impressions of Canada are interwoven with his tragic memories of Czechoslovakia. Thus, in his title-poem, the nocturnal mass of Mount Royal, rising high and dark and implacable amid the human maze of Montreal, becomes a tremendous symbol of the obstacles that stand in the very midst of the world's life today. By leaving his experiences of Canada in enduring poetic form for Canadians to appreciate, Captain Nekola has forged a permanent cultural link between our countries.

Ukrainian fiction is represented by Volume II of Elias Kiriak's *Sons of the Soil*, the first volume of which was published in 1939. This work is entirely innocent of plot and novel-structure in the ordinary sense. It attempts rather to present the day-to-day life

of a small Ukrainian community somewhere in Western Canada. The first volume (reviewed in "Letters in Canada, 1939") dealt with the first three years of the pioneer experience, without benefit of church, priest, school or physician, in a settlement eighty miles from the railway and accessible only by an old Indian trail. The adaptation of Ukrainians to life in the New World is presented through five different families of varying types; and one can see both their colourful heritage of East European tradition and their versatility in facing the hard problems of the frontier. The second volume brings the little community a stage further in its progress towards Canadianization. We watch the building of the church and the school, the coming of the first teacher, the celebration of the first Mass, the opening of the post office and the neighbourhood store. Mr Kiriak is also interested in the changing *mores* of the community, and shows how some of the daughters, after finding employment in a distant town, bring back innovations to the homes of their parents. Intermarriage enters the picture, and with it the problem of the mutual relations between Slav and Anglo-Saxon in the community. *Sons of the Soil* is not great fiction, but it is a sociological document of real value, setting forth with interest, and even with touches of humour, the drama of human readjustment involved in the life of Ukrainian pioneers in the Canadian West. Mr Kiriak, who came to Canada in 1906 as a boy of thirteen, has lived through the whole experience and presents it in convincing detail. He received his education at the University of Alberta, and has taught school for the past twenty-five years.

In German fiction, the year's crop is largely the work of the prolific Mennonite farmer, Peter J. Klassen, of Superb, Saskatchewan. The most spirited of his numerous volumes for children are two instalments of a series of stories entitled *Der Peet*, giving the adventures of a small Mennonite boy named "Pete," in Russia. Pete is a very human youngster, prone to lie in bed on Sunday mornings and skilful in his use of a *Gummischleuder* ("sling-shot"). More ambitious, but much more unreservedly sentimental, is *Die Heimfahrt*, in which another little Mennonite lad, Heini by name, is trampled to death when the farm horses he is driving are frightened by an automobile which comes from behind with sudden uproar as Heini is sleepily dreaming on the driver's seat:

> And then, as he gazed before him at his horses, the horses suddenly disappeared . . . .

Instead of the horses, there swung quite low over the earth a golden cloud-chariot, just like the one in which his parents had gone to heaven, and the one in which he had wanted to go to heaven . . . .

And on the cloud-chariot, gleaming in the radiance of heaven, stood a beautiful angel, who held out both hands to him and called to him: "Come, Harry! You have finished your work on earth. Your father and mother are already waiting for you in heaven. Come, I will take you home!"

Then suddenly the trumpet of the Angel of Judgment rang out, and it roared and wailed and bellowed and blew and thundered as if the whole earth had been crushed and were going down in ruins . . . .

And Harry said to himself: "Yes, now it is just as I always wanted it. The Saviour is coming!"

He threw the reins away, and closed his eyes, and cried out with a loud voice: "Now I am going to heaven!" And he threw himself into the outstretched arms of the angel who stood on the cloud-chariot . . . .

Two pages later, witnesses of the accident give a matter-of-fact description of what actually happened, and ponder over his last words, which they had distinctly overheard. It is obvious to the reader that the small boy never knew what happened to him and was cut off during a moment of dreaming ecstasy.

Still other work by Mr Klassen was published in newspapers and annuals during 1943. Another very productive Mennonite writer is the Rev. Dr Jacob H. Janzen, of Waterloo, author of a volume of sermons entitled *Briefe an unser Volk*, of a religious *Wandkalendar*, and of a collection of *Erzählungen aus der Mennonitengeschichte*. This last work consists largely of a series of semi-historical episodes from the life of Menno Simons (1496-1561), the chief founder of the Mennonite sect. Of current interest is an original poem on "Christmas, 1943," which Dr Janzen appends to his volume. The opening lines may be translated as follow:

CHRISTMAS 1943

Mother, why bother with Christmas Day?
The good old years are so far away!
Since peace is banished
And joy has vanished,
Are you still busied
With cakes and cooking?
Are you still looking
To pledge to the Prince of Peace affiance?
Earth and Hell are in black alliance,
Banded our every good to destroy . . .
Giving us grief instead of joy,
Tears for laughter

And groans hereafter
As they bury all good gifts whatsoe'er
Deep under ruins and dark despair.

And Mother answered, with quiet breast:
"Shall the World and the Devil destroy our rest
And ruin us utterly? I am glad
That the foul, black League of powers bad
Is one in which Heaven is not included.
Let Hell then rage with its might deluded!
It did the same in its evil scorn
In the far-off day when the Christ was born.
It ever rages and ever will,
But the day of Christ will be Christmas still! . . .

Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson, of Winnipeg, has issued a further volume of his monumental *Saga Íslendinga í Vesturheimi*, a large-scale history of the Icelandic migrations to the Americas and of their settlements there. The first volume, issued in 1940, was largely introductory in character. The second volume now deals with the pioneer experience of certain specific settlements, in Utah, Brazil, Rosseau (Ontario), Milwaukee, and Markland (Manitoba). This very important undertaking by Mr Thorsteinsson is on a larger scale than anything yet attempted by any of the other New-Canadian communities; and its style and competence are worthy of its author, who is a prominent poet as well as an historian. The project is sponsored by the Icelandic National League, with head-quarters in Winnipeg.

Further specimens of Icelandic scholarship are to be found in the League's admirable annual, *Tímarit*, edited by Gísli Jónsson. This year's issue contains poetry by Einar P. Jónsson, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, Pál. S. Pálsson, S. E. Björnsson, Jakobina Johnson, Kristján Pálsson, Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson, Steingrímur Árason and Richard Beck; a brief play by Guttormur J. Guttormsson; a narrative by the veteran novelist, Jóhann Magnús Bjarnsson; a history of twenty-five years of the Icelandic National League, written by its present president, Professor Richard Beck; an essay by Dr. Stefán Einarsson on Gudmundur Finnbogason, the seventy-year-old national librarian of Iceland; an article by the Rev. Valdimar J. Eylands on "The Cosmology of Our Forefathers"; an article on the Grieg centenary by Gísli Jónsson; an essay by the Rev. Sigurdur Ólafsson on "The Intellectual Achievements of the Icelandic People"; and a narrative by Dr J. P. Pálsson, entitled "When I Was a Rich Man." Still other important work of his-

torical research is to be found in the annual *Almanak*, edited by Dr Beck.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of another New-Canadian organization, the Michael Hrushevsky Ukrainian Institute, of Edmonton, was duly marked in 1943 by a substantial historical volume. Named after the head of the brief Socialist (but not Soviet) Ukrainian republic of 1917-20, the Institute has been the chief centre of Ukrainian studies in the Province of Alberta, and has contributed many able men to the professional life of Western Canada. The main historical sketch in the memorial volume is written by Petro I. Lazarovich, a lawyer, who was director of the Institute from 1927 to 1932. The novelist, Elias Kiriak (see above), was director in 1940-2.

Also indicative of Ukrainian educational activity is a series of small handbooks in Ukrainian issued at Winnipeg under the auspices of a committee on "Culture and Education." The first volume, *Klyuch do Movy* ("Key to the Language"), written by Honoré Ewach, is a summary of the principles of Ukrainian grammar, for the benefit of those who already have a speaking knowledge of the language. It is a reference work rather than a school-text; for neither exercises nor vocabularies are given. For young Ukrainians, interested in the syntax and morphology of their ancestral tongue, the book should be of definite value.

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REVIEWS

ON MILTON'S POETRY

I MILTON TODAY*

A. S. P. Woodhouse

Only less than Shakespeare's, and more than either Chaucer's or Spenser's, Milton's reputation has been a gauge of the state of critical opinion in England. Not the least remarkable fact which the history of twentieth-century criticism will have to record is the attack on the idol, proceeding, as Mr Williams says, "from various sources, not otherwise noticeably friendly to each other." Fortunately for the spectacle we are likely to present to succeeding generations it will also have to record a vigorous movement of protest, of which Mr Pearsall Smith, Mr Charles Williams and Mr C. S. Lewis furnish the chief evidence to date.

Mr Pearsall Smith, for all his authority and his unfailing charm, is the least significant of the three because, though he is directly concerned with the revolt against Milton, he so signally fails to analyse its deeper causes and to examine the state of the Miltonic defences. To do the first, one must go back to the revolution in English and European thought and feeling which we call the Romantic movement, and which, while generally in appearance at least friendly to Milton's greatness, commenced the long and disastrous tendency to make him admired for qualities not really admirable and, what is worse, not really his. To do the other, one must be critical (as is Mr Williams) of the official custodians of Milton's reputation, the "academic Chairs" (old style)—one must certainly not be, like Mr Pearsall Smith, mistakable at a very short distance for one of them.

The modern attack on Milton, as Mr Williams remarks at the beginning of his essay, usually centres on one or more of the following points: that he was a bad man, and specifically a proud, of the

**Milton and his Modern Critics*, by Logan Pearsall Smith. London, Oxford University Press, 1940, 73 pp.

English Poems of John Milton. With an Introduction by Charles Williams .... London, Oxford University Press, [1942], xxii, 545 pp.

A Preface to Paradise Lost, by C. S. Lewis. London, Oxford University Press, 1942, vii, 149 pp.

The Action of *Comus*, by E. M. W. Tillyard, in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, vol. XXVIII, 1942, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1943, pp. 22-37.

The Story of Marie Powell: Wife to Mr. Milton, by Robert Graves. London, Cassell, 1943.

devil's party in a word; that his verse is "hard, sonorous and insensitive"—in very deed the "organ-voice," so long praised; that his subject-matter is "remote and uninteresting"—a "monument to dead ideas" had been Raleigh's phrase in his brilliant and misleading book; that, egotistical and inhuman, he was devoid of insight and incapable of drama. But these are the very points that the "academic Chairs" had conceded before the attack began. And, says Mr Williams, they are not true.

Granted, he continues in effect, that Milton was proud, where is the evidence that he approved of pride, his own or another's? Why may he not, like other men, and other poets, have sinned and repented? If (we may add) he is supposed to speak in Satan's "to be weak is miserable, Doing or suffering," why not also in Adam's "Henceforth I learn that to obey is best"? In the treatment of Satan Mr Williams discovers not only supreme dramatic art, but an element of grim comedy. Certainly it is grim, and I do not think that the comic spirit is one of the virtues that can be safely challenged for Milton or that the Almighty's laughter is any the less jarring for being recognized as an echo of the poet's own; but the parallel between Milton's Satan and Meredith's Sir Willoughby, which is Mr Lewis's elaboration of Mr Williams's point, is for other reasons suggestive: each is the egoistic rebel against, in the last analysis, *fact*. In writing of Milton's humanity Mr Williams is on surer ground. After observing how the last lines of *Paradise Lost*, sealing the reunion of Adam and Eve in penitence and love—

> They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow
> Through Eden took their solitary way—

echo the account of their parting, and thus resume all the woe that had flowed therefrom,

> So saying, from her husband's hand her hand
> Soft she withdrew,

he proceeds: "There are no linked lovers in our streets who are not more beautiful and more unfortunate because of those last lines; no reunion of such a kind that is not more sad and more full of hope. And then it is said that Milton is inhuman. The whole of our visibility, metaphysical, psychological, actual, has been increased by him." Indeed (we may remark) the majestic movement of the poem, directed towards this moment, is *from super-human to human*, as Mr Stoll demonstrated in a brilliant article which appeared in these pages (QUARTERLY, 3 [1933]. 3-16). And ideas that are capable of being thus humanized are not dead ideas, not irrelevant

to the modern mind if the modern mind had the wit to comprehend them. It is not the "organ voice" that sounds in these lines, but something altogether more human and appealing, just as are the notes of the tender, the modest and the diffident which, as Mr Williams rightly observes, are not confined to the Minor Poems. Of these poems, save *Comus*, he says little. But there he goes straight to the heart of the problem, declaring against those critics who try to separate its poetry from its subject, chastity, and recognizing the intention of the poem to be not a negation but an affirmation with joy.

Mr Lewis, whose debt to Mr Williams is fully acknowledged, adopts a narrower range. His concern is with the poetry of *Paradise Lost*, which he can fully approve, not with the poet, in whom (though he does not say so) there must be much that he cannot approve. It is a dangerous distinction, which a few years ago helped Mr Belloc to write a uniquely bad book on Milton; but Mr Lewis escapes its pitfalls. He pays just so much attention to the thought of the poem as he deems necessary for appreciation and makes a clever case for its general orthodoxy, shrewdly remarking that what many people mean when they voice their dislike of Milton is really their dislike of Christianity; but the best of his book is in its more purely literary criticism, which often carries him, however, into the realm of ideas. To the causes of attack on Milton's poetry listed by Mr Williams, he adds yet another, of the first importance: the revolt against civilization. He might have remembered how Macaulay, in 1825, at the height of the Romantic movement, marvelled that Milton had succeeded in mastering the disadvantage of his culture and had become the great poet he was; we are more thoroughgoing in our primitivism and now deny that he did succeed. Almost it seems that what we require is less a *Preface to Paradise Lost* than a new *Dunciad*. . . . . The *Preface* at least we have got, and it is a great gain. Mr Lewis rightly emphasizes in Milton's culture two interlocking ideas: the idea of *hierarchy* and the idea of *ceremonial*. The first is grounded in nature—in more than nature, in the whole scheme of things natural and supernatural, as Milton viewed it; the second is art's record and embellishment of the first. The idea of hierarchy lies at the root of the poem's meaning. Satan is the rebel against hierarchy. But hierarchy is not an idea merely—it is a fact; and so Satan becomes the primal rebel against fact or, in orthodox phrase, the father of

lies. And Mr Lewis, seizing this conception, makes it the basis of his searching analysis of Satan's character and his followers'. The idea of ceremonial lies at the root of the poem's form, its epic structure and its effect of distance from us and of magnificence. The notion of the "organ voice," damaging and obscuring as it has sometimes proved, is not an empty notion (only, as Mr Williams has shown, the voice is not unrelieved by other cadences): it is the voice befitting Milton's epic. And, seizing this conception, Mr Lewis rightly commences his exposition of the poem with a discourse on epic, culminating in an account of the secondary or Virgilian epic in whose tradition *Paradise Lost* stands. Certainly this is the most illuminating study of epic ever keyed to the explanation of Milton, and it directs all the criticism that follows.

* * *

Among modern critics of Milton Mr Tillyard has two claims to distinction. One is his gallant witness to the importance of Miltonic studies, given not, like Mr Lewis's, under the drowsy shadow of an "academic Chair," but at the sister university of Cambridge, where Milton is hated as well as misunderstood, and where if there is any shadow at all it can only be "dark with excessive bright." The other claim is his admirable openmindedness, which prompts him to revise his opinions from time to time and give us the advantage of his second thoughts.

His second thought about *Comus* is that in the final version Milton seeks to redirect the whole argument towards not virginity but marriage, and that he does this by introducing into the Epilogue the allusion to Spenser's Garden of Adonis. On the meaning of this allusion I need not again dwell, since I have already (QUARTELY, 11 [1941]. 46-71) tried to expound it, not as an inspired addition, but as integrated with the thought of the poem as a whole and as contributing to the note of joy which, unknown to me, Mr Williams was singling out as predominant in *Comus*. Nor do I see any reason to retreat from what I then wrote about the argument of the poem and the place of the allusions to the Garden of Adonis and to Cupid and Psyche in that argument. I find Mr Tillyard's essay, despite some illuminating comments, unsatisfactory for two reasons: it isolates and overemphasizes one element in Milton's position at the expense of all the others, and it hurries the reader into the assumption that the evidence of the MSS. and the first

printed edition points inevitably to Mr Tillyard's solution, which is very far from the fact. But such investigations as Mr Tillyard's are in their nature experimental, and so in their final outcome productive of understanding, unlike the surly dogmatisms of those who for one reason or another are content to blame and have no desire to comprehend.

* * *

The latest of the surly dogmatisms takes the form of a work of fiction, *Wife to Mr Milton* by Robert Graves. The jacket hints darkly of "a story that critics and schoolmasters have never dared to be quite honest about," and continues: "Readers in whose ears the name 'Milton' has a nightmare ring like a school-bell chiming insistently in the early morning are promised a marvellous sense of relief once they have read Mr Graves's version of what really happened." There is nothing very remarkable about Mr Graves's disclosures. He invents for Mary Powell a previous love affair which is supposed to be romantic and in some sort mystical, and succeeds in being merely silly. Where vulgarity is excluded Mr Graves, one can only suppose, is out of his element. The general level of conversation and sentiment in the Powell family might pass muster in a stable. And Mary is very much like the rest of them. This at first seems a queer notion of doing her belated justice. But one soon discovers that justice for Mary Powell is no part of Mr Graves's scheme. Enough if he is allowed to heap injustice upon Milton. We are presented with a series of episodes and traits for which there is no shred of evidence and no probability. Milton becomes the prey equally of lust and of superstition. His head (as Mary is made more than once to indicate) is as full of maggots as a cheese. And he is carefully divested of every quality that could possibly issue in poetry such as we know him to have written. That Mr Graves is quite insensitive to that poetry seems more than likely; but is it not a little presumptuous to assume total insensibility on the part of his readers? Such methods carry their own retribution. The character obstinately refuses to come to life; and the contempt so carefully invoked for the subject is very apt to be reserved for the author. One debt indeed we owe to Mr Graves: he sent us back to Anne Manning's *Mary Powell* (1855)—and from one or two details it looks as if Mr Graves might have been there first. Not that the two books are in the least alike. Poor Miss Manning wrote under several disadvantages. She was

a Victorian; she was well-bred; she was not insensitive to Milton's poetry; and she genuinely desired to understand. But within her limitations she is not wholly unsuccessful. At least Milton occasionally comes to life in her pages, with his singing robes about him—and even some of his faults.

At the end of his *Preface to Paradise Lost* Mr Lewis briefly considers the motives of those who in our day have attacked Milton's memory and have derived advantage from Mr Eliot's leadership in the onslaught. With Mr Eliot's own motives (which, however laudable, seem to us irrelevant to the art and function of a critic) he is not unsympathetic. But he utters a solemn warning:

> The round table is pressed between the upper millstone (Galahad) and the nether (Mordred). If Mr Eliot disdains the eagles and trumpets of epic poetry because the fashion of this world passes away, I honour him. But if he goes on to draw the conclusion that all poetry should have the penitential qualities of his own best work, I believe he is mistaken .... If the round table is abolished, for every one who rises to the level of Galahad, a hundred will drop plomb down to that of Mordred. Mr Eliot may persuade the reading youth of England to have done with robes of purple and pavements of marble. But he will not therefore find them walking in sackcloth on floors of mud—he will find them in smart, ugly suits walking on rubberoid .... Galahad must not make common cause with Mordred; for it is always Mordred who gains and he who loses by such alliance.

There would seem to be more applications of Mr Lewis's image than he has chosen to make specific.

II MILTON'S ROYALISM* — MERRITT Y. HUGHES

This book is a very interesting and skilful contribution to Miltonic depreciation. It develops the thesis that in *Paradise Lost* the royal imagery which the young Milton had inherited from the Elizabethans—vitiated because "the royalist symbol" had been shattered in "the vise of history" and had become "disembodied and abstract" in "the writings of the Puritans and sectaries"—gave us a God who is Cæsar and a Heaven which is "a glittering barbaric court of warriors, of feudal princes and barons." In *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* Mr Ross traces a reaction

**Milton's Royalism: A Study of the Conflict of Symbol and Idea in the Poems*, by MALCOLM MACKENZIE ROSS. Cornell Studies in English, vol. XXXIV. Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell University Press [London, Oxford University Press], 1943, xiii, 150 pp., $2.50.

against the "royalism" of *Paradise Lost* and a largely successful attempt to avoid "the confusion of values attendant upon the necessary choice of royalist-power symbolism." He makes no attempt, however, to revalue either of the poems. *Samson* is dismissed in six short pages; and *Paradise Regained*, though it is exonerated of basic confusion of values in its treatment of royal images, is condemned for its "rejection of the progressive secular element in humanist thought" which had so passionately inspired Milton's "optimistic republicanism" in his "revolutionary days." Judged from Mr Ross's point of view, *Paradise Lost* is manifestly an artistic failure, and the best aesthetic effect that can be allowed to the poem is "unrivalled sweep of fury and power."

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr Ross's study is his introductory survey of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature as seen from the point of view of the sociological critic, and his scrutiny of the influence of the arch-Elizabethan, Spenser, upon the Milton of the academic years and of the early poems. He gives us a most excellent defence of the theory that Milton's sheltered education unfitted him to be more than a temporary and unfaithful champion of the "progressive" and "democratic" elements in humanism and doomed him never to understand "the socio-economic implications of the 'good old cause.' " Yet it is a bit alarming and a bit amusing to find a sociological critic contrasting Milton severely with Shakespeare and comparing him even more severely with Spenser. Gone are the days when good democrats felt, with Walt Whitman, that Shakespeare was hopelessly "feudal." For Mr Ross Shakespeare's king is "a compound of Sidney and Simon Eyre," and "derives his democratic dignity from that happy mingling of class interests" which made the monarchy under Elizabeth truly strong and popular. Against Shakespeare's genial monarchism Ross sets "the cold-blooded imperialism of Spenser" which saw "no contradiction between Sir Artegall and the ethic of a medieval world." Mr Ross confines his impression of Spenser's Knight of Justice to the picture that we have of him in the latter part of the second canto of the fifth book of *The Faerie Queene*, where Artegall talks down and finally slays the giant who champions communistic principles. Anent this scene and its sequel, where the "rascall many" who have rallied to the giant are mowed down by Artegall's iron man, Talus, Mr Ross quotes Mr David Daiches' disapproving summary of the situation in *Literature and Society*. Needless to say, he ignores the

late Professor Padelford's interpretation of the scene in the light, not of the policies of Elizabethan lords lieutenant in Ireland, but of the communistic and Anabaptist movements on the Continent in the sixteenth century. And he ignores Mr Merlin Neff's interpretation of the two episodes of the communistic giant and the monopolistic baron, Pollente, in Spenser's canto as balanced *exempla* in a—for the time—truly liberal and courageous treatment of the problem of distributive justice.

For most of Mr Ross's readers the crux of his thesis will lie in his presentation of *Paradise Lost* as "a poem of defeat and vicarious revenge." In reply to this view, which perhaps unconsciously submerges the sociological in the psychological aspect of the work, two questions may be pertinently put. Since this is primarily a sociological attack upon the problem, why, we may ask, at the height of the argument, lose sight of the sociological point of view? Why explain *Paradise Lost* as the whine of a defeated and disillusioned idealist who was also something of a politician, and ignore the standard sociological interpretation of his royalist notion of God in the poem as simply that which, for good historical reasons, had grown up with the evolution of strong centralized monarchies and with that of Protestant theology during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? The social forces of the times, as Dean Mathews pointed out in *The Atonement and the Social Process*, made it inevitable that "the morally perplexing conception of God in Calvinism" should prevail in a world where justice had become identified with punishment, where sovereignty itself was imperilled "if punishment were not inflicted upon those who disobeyed the king's law," and where, "if men were to have a sovereign God," they must have "one who does express his sovereignty." A thorough-going historical and sociological study of the background of experience and of theological and political speculation behind the despotic deity of *Paradise Lost* disposes of the delusion that Milton's God in that poem was a private fancy of his own. Morally unsatisfactory he may be. "Certain philosophical contradictions," as Mr Don Wolfe observes in a recent *Sewanee Review*, may be inherent in Milton's view of both Father and Son as judges and punishers. To most sociological students of literature this view seems unethical if not indecent. Not many of them understand the feeling which led Goethe to say that he foresaw a "time when God will have no further pleasure in man, but will break up every-

thing for a new creation." To quote that remark with approval today a man needs all Mr Albert Jay Nock's scepticism as to whether "mankind will become happier, wiser or better than they now are"; and he probably needs to reconcile himself, like Mr Nock, to condemnation as "a superfluous man."

Still another question may be asked of a critic who reads moral as well as aesthetic evil *necessarily* into Milton's kind of theology. No one is likely to dissent from Mr Ross's proof in his second chapter that Milton was "inherently aristocratic," or to dissent from his contrast of the poet's religious thinking with the essentially democratic theology of Roger Williams. It is when Mr Ross says that Milton was "an aristocrat, even a snob"; that his "ideal aristocrat finally takes on a guise all too human"; that the "power-politician in Milton was stronger than the Platonic idealist—that whimsical little fellow who had stubbed his toe on the hard rock of secular reality," that the question begins to arise. Practically, Mr Ross cannot forgive the appeal to the gentry of England in *A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* to prove themselves a true aristocracy by coming to the defence of the best ideals of "the good old cause" in 1660. And psychologically, Mr Ross cannot forgive Milton for deriving "his values from a sense of the past, from Plato, from Spenser, from Christian tradition," and for taking refuge in "ethical and theological abstractions, in a static world of values where the fleshless aristocratic ideal might persist unchanging and unchangeable." The question that arises is, of course, whether—in the light either of practical or of ideal standards—Milton or the supporters of Charles II made the better choice in 1660. If Milton's genius had been practical and comic, like that of Machiavelli, he might have accepted Charles as Machiavelli did the Medici in Florence. But if such an acceptance were thinkable in Milton's case, is it certain that either literature or history would be the richer for it?

GLOVER OF JOHN'S[1]

GILBERT NORWOOD

Cecil Rhodes, when he founded his illustrious Scholarships, believed that he was salvaging the United States and certain

[1]*Cambridge Retrospect*, by T. R. GLOVER. Cambridge, at the University Press [Toronto, Macmillan], 1943, xii, 145 pp., $2.00. There are three excellent portraits and a notable jacket.

other regions which Providence had seen fit to place at a lamentable distance from Civilization. As to the soundness of that belief divergence of opinion is increasingly probable, and also as to the success attained. But at least he gave Oxford a hugely effective advertisement. Whereas England, despite many traditional jests,[2] regards her two ancient Universities as perfect equals, if not Heavenly Twins, North America knows only of Oxford; and her typical traveller (in days when such travellers existed) found time, before he duly soared to Paris, only for Oxford as an addition to Stratford-on-Avon and the Cheshire Cheese. But now, should any inhabitant of the Western World seek to learn about Cambridge too, this delightful book will instruct him; and will, moreover, reveal to him not a little concerning the soul of England.

No man, surely, was ever better qualified than Glover to do this; for, though associated during most of his life (1869-1943) with everything done, said, thought and felt in the University, he was able to take a detached view. A famous classical scholar, a wonderful teacher, for many years Public Orator, he never sank into his environment at Cambridge, or indeed anywhere: his soul was far too sturdy.

Nevertheless, he was a don. We all know the donnish type of reminiscence: "Dear old Biggs—died in '72 (or was it '73?)—famous for Latin crosswords and sugaring his beer." It cannot be denied that the book contains streaks of this: certain "funny" stories which it would be uncharitable to quote, snatches of heart-breaking light verse and piteous parody. On the other hand, we light upon gems from the finest Cambridge wit of Glover's time, H. R. Tottenham, whom I remember as an inspired exponent of Plautus (in '02—or was it '03?) and who composed one of my favourite limericks:

> There was a strong man on a Syndicate
> Who loved the exact truth to vindicate;
> He rose to deny
> That his words could imply
> What their sense seemed intended to indicate.

Glover's own wit probed more deeply: "Stoicism was an admirable religion for a man who did not want a religion"; "Adam used to bicycle with me—generally with St. Paul standing on the back-

[2] "Cambridge is grand, but Oxford is grandiose." "An Oxford man walks as if he owned the earth, a Cambridge man as if he didn't care who owned it"; etc.

step of his wheel"; and Ridgeway's vote of thanks to Professor Gilbert Murray is deliciously narrated.

He was not blind to weaknesses in the spirit and methods of his University, but as a loyal Cambridge man I leave the reader to discover sundry demure reproaches for himself; wherefore it seems only fair to omit also the remarks on American college life. What he has to say of Cambridge undergraduates shows, not indeed unfriendliness, but an aloof and determined benevolence. Concerning the dons, however, he is in excellent form—candid yet kind (a good deal kinder than I should have been, about some of them), keen-sighted and accurate as to fact, so far as my observations and memory can test him. For, like Glover, I am a member of St John's College, and well remember his return from Canada in my second year. We found him a fine and unconventional scholar, of course, who was by no means unconscious that he brought (in Plato's phrase) a breeze wafting health from goodly regions. Cicero would have called him a *vastus homo*, and I rarely met him without recalling the absurd phrase of Keats, "all that face." His immense eyes held always an astonished look, as if he were surprised at being grown up after all . . . or was it only when he looked at me?

These skilful pen-pictures of our College worthies are worked into a vivid presentation of Cambridge in general as a place of learning, true education and social happiness; for, of all non-smokers that I ever knew, Glover was the most perfect "mixer." How deftly he communicates the Cambridge aroma! No doubt it was he who chose this picture on the jacket—a photograph of the doorway leading to the lobby of our Hall and Combination Room. His first chapter offers a brief yet masterly historical sketch, showing all Glover's skill in this kind, his passionate humanity and deep religious feeling. At the close of the section on Erasmus and the New Learning occurs a beautiful passage. "We find evidence for all this in new Colleges at Cambridge, new study of Greek and of the Greek Testament, and the Cambridge martyrs. Bilney, for instance, 'little Bilney,' 'the blessed Saint Bilney,' Latimer's friend and inspirer, says he never saw the name of Jesus till he came on it in Erasmus' Greek Testament; and in the end he was martyred for it."

In boyhood I heard a queer ditty, part of which clings yet to memory:

> I'm a Baptist born and a Baptist bred,
> And when I'm gone, there's a Baptist dead.

That was true of Glover, whom a friend once described as "a Baptist first, a Christian second, and an Englishman third." Both remarks do render—very idiomatically—the fact that he, let us not say, brandished his religious enthusiasm, but rather that he carried it about with him as another man carries an umbrella. When the examiners for the Powis Medal for original Latin verse prescribed Telemachus as the subject, the youthful Glover opened his poem by remarking that plenty of other bards had celebrated Ulysses' son, and bestowed the remainder of his hundred lines upon St Telemachus, to whom (of course) the examiners had not given a thought, but who was (equally of course) a far better Christian than his namesake. There is a point beyond which versatility becomes gruesome; and one cannot but feel a qualm in contemplating a man who cherishes equal reverence for Socrates and for Spurgeon. Dean Hole, true, was an expert on roses, Dean Inge is an expert on Plotinus; but in Glover the awestruck lieges beheld one who was both Public Orator of Cambridge and Chairman of the Baptist Denomination in England and Wales. It was not wicked—indeed quite the reverse; but fantastic it surely was. Only Glover would have hypnotized a dozen undergraduates into getting up a "mission," taking a hall in Nelson Street, Cambridge, and evangelizing a knot of townspeople with hymns and Matthew Arnold, who would not have relished his share. Glover, if no one else, must have rejoiced in those sanctified wild oats: he harboured no inhibitions, just as he had (so far as one saw) no prejudices and emphatically no cant—the finest negative virtue that anyone can possess.

It was this freedom from inhibitions and cant, this zest for human beings, that made him a sort of American before he ever set foot on this continent. No sooner had he done so than he fell vigorously in love with it, and aroused affection wherever he roamed, preaching, lecturing, chatting, listening and observing. Even in this book on Cambridge he has attractive sayings about North America. "Perhaps—for I have friends across the Atlantic —my little book will cross the Ocean"; and though one regrets that the venerable and omniscient head of the Royal Ontario Museum should be spelled like a notorious Victorian novelist, it is yet a pleasure to refute Glover's prophecy and identify the scene of a characteristic story as Scarborough on Lake Ontario. Though he wandered widely (I have just come upon his spoor in Cali-

fornia) leaving everywhere a host of pleasant anecdotes and fragrant memories concerning a mellow scholar and robust Christian, nevertheless his heart turned most often to Ontario, which was to be expected of a man who spent five happy and fruitful years as a professor at Queen's. When the University of Toronto celebrated its centenary, Latin addresses sped from every quarter of the academic world to hang in Simcoe Hall; it was amusing, and somewhat touching, to read among those acres of vague superlatives a letter written by Cantabrigia's Orator Publicus, alive with local colour and crisp allusion to the *strepitus* of our street-cars. That little detail is typical. The man could not be vague: everything he discussed, from theology to undergraduates' bonfires, was quickened by his quenchless gusto.

He made a magnificent link between the culture of Britain and that of the New World. One reason for his success herein was that he did not, as so many "ambassadors of culture" have done, think himself an apostle bearing Light from the East. At times, indeed, he regarded Cambridge as Heathenesse and Ontario as the Land of the Saints (which, to be sure, it is). The very first thing he ever told me was that Cambridge lagged woefully behind the Canadian Colleges—as to bathrooms. In a lecture on Roman history, when he came to the fall of Tarentum he announced (was it a genuine slip of the tongue?) that "King Pyrrhus captured Toronto." So addicted was he to slipping away across the Atlantic that the Cambridge Senate found itself obliged to pass an ordinance that "the Public Orator shall spend at least thirty days of each term in the University precincts." No reader of Glover's books needs to be reminded how a flash of light from Western manners and institutions will on a sudden illumine the facts of ancient philosophy, commerce or literature.

All this has long been familiar to, and loved by, vast numbers of cultivated people in both England and America; certainly I supposed that classical scholars, at least, in those regions universally prized the work of one who was equally at home in Cambridge combination rooms, fishing-parties on the Great Lakes, the society of deacons in Dakota, amateurs of Greek iambics, and travelling salesmen in Quebec. It was all the more startling to read, in one of America's most authoritative learned journals, a review of Glover's *Challenge of the Greek* (published a year before this *Retrospect*) which contrives to blend the worst elements of

German pedantry and ponderous irrelevancies about the present war into a ludicrous proclamation that Glover—of all men that ever trod shoe-leather!—was filled with "the aristocratic, imperialistic, and nationalistic tenets of the Tory tradition." This is like saying that Walt Whitman was a Trappist monk. Since I suppress the writer's name, I must not discuss this breath-bereaving review in detail; but I may at least use as a peg, on which to hang some remarks about Glover's scholarship, the complaint that "not a single inscription is cited even in the historical essays."

There are two kinds of scholarship: the pure and the applied. The former accumulates knowledge, draws into focus its several parts and causes their mutual illumination. The latter brings the learning just described to bear on other human interests: above all, it creates and satisfies a deeper zest for life itself. A glaring but not uncommon error is to reproach works of the second type because they are not presented in the manner which the age-long vogue of the first has caused to appear in some eyes the only reputable style. If a man does not perpetually "cf. Strabo" and stuff his page with references to *Beiträge*, he is a lost soul—such was a dogma of nineteenth-century German classical scholarship, and such the reason for this else inexplicable demand that Glover's humanistic book should break into a rash of inscriptions. That would have ruined it artistically, and repelled those readers for whom it was meant. In works of this admirable kind, the author's *minutiae* lie behind his sentences, not in a gaping bin below. He would be foolish to make his reader halt, in the midst of a wide survey, to chew handful after handful of anise and cummin. Tennyson described Lushington as "wearing all that weight of learning lightly as a flower." Some people, it appears, refuse the name "scholar" to any man who carries the weight with more spiritual dignity than a camel. Glover bore it, not indeed like a flower, but like a torch.

Either class, at its best, has vast attractiveness and merit, but feels now and then a regrettable impulse to decry the other. Laments about superficiality and cheapness are answered by talk of pedantry and *kai*-counting. Glover here does not always escape reproach. On the one hand he is justified when he writes: "The newer ideal for a professor was devotion to 'research,' which is very well in scientific studies, but less obviously useful in literature. Broadly speaking, in literature the less a professor 'researches' in

the modern sense of the term the more likely he is to understand what he is doing. Manuscripts and antecedents are of little help to the real understanding of literature; and the substitution of palaeography for philosophy among theologians simply ruins the subject." On the other hand, I am dismayed by what he says concerning J. E. B. Mayor, whose stupendous knowledge of Latin was in his day (perhaps in any) unrivalled, not indeed quite superciliously, but with tolerant amusement. The simple fact is that Mayor was a gigantic and uncompromising exemplar of "pure" scholarship, a ruthless champion of reading, and reading till death, if not beyond; who complained that some undergraduates owned less than two thousand volumes. For Glover to object to this was as if the Rhine complained of the Alps. His own books, to a careless or pedantic reader, may look like journalism. Because they are easy to read, they are supposed easy to write; but those who have attempted such work know better. And how they glow with humanity, with immense knowledge lit up by a keen soul from an original point of view! I recall taking his little book on Horace "to read on the boat," well assured that the familiar Atlantic coma would not be disturbed by anything new on Horace, of all ancients. What I found was a jewel of literary skill, charm—and novelty. Or read his chapter in *The Challenge of the Greek* on that repellent-sounding theme, Greek trade. The whole ancient world is lit up for you by a thousand facts that a vivid soul has transmuted into personal experience.

TWO CRITICS OF HARDY*

J. F. MACDONALD

Hardy of Wessex and *Hardy the Novelist* are as representative as two books could very well be of the strength and weakness of American and British scholarship. *Hardy of Wessex* is crammed with information and *Hardy the Novelist* assumes enough information already in the reader's mind to let him follow a detailed criticism of Hardy's novels. The admirer or student of Hardy's fiction could not do better than read Mr Weber's book, and then,

**Hardy of Wessex: His Life and Literary Career*, by CARL J. WEBER. New York, Columbia University Press, 1940, 302 pp., $3.00.

Hardy the Novelist: An Essay in Criticism, by DAVID CECIL. The Clark Lectures given at Cambridge in 1942. London, Constable and Co. [Toronto, Macmillan], 1943, 157 pp., $2.50.

with the solid basis of fact it supplies, go on to weigh and consider the very provocative criticism of Lord David Cecil in *Hardy the Novelist*. The two books provide, between them, nearly all that one needs to form an intelligent judgment on Hardy's place as a novelist.

Mr Weber has what the Scots call a good conceit of himself. He states in the Preface that *Hardy of Wessex* "has been written with the conviction that no account of Hardy's career has yet been published which adequately recognizes the specific problem confronting the biographer of a man of letters." He goes on to explain: "In dealing with an author emphasis must be placed upon those facts which determine his emotional personality, for from them emerge his writings. Above all, the biographer must remain keenly alert to detect those radical discords which result in literary activity. His task is to unravel the psychological complexity and unrest that find release in a work of art." He elucidates further by telling us: "One must penetrate into the inner life of the man, learn what he read and what he thought, inspect his secret desires and ambitions, and study his rebuffs and disappointments. The literary biographer's task is not so much to appraise the pearl as to explain why the oyster grew it." Mr Weber makes one further claim: "Until recently it has been impossible to penetrate far into the inner life of Thomas Hardy, but the time has now come when the attempt can be made. Access to hundreds of his unpublished letters has facilitated the present study and has often permitted the turning of surmise into dogmatic statement or denial." He ends with the complacent statement: "It is possible for the first time to trace the literary career of the man with intimacy and assurance. The pages that follow attempt to tell why Thomas Hardy wrote, why he wrote on the subjects he chose, and how his books grew from ideas and emotions and experiences to printed volumes. This is the genetic method. For an intimate and thorough understanding of the masterpieces of literature there is no better."

Probably one should not read the preface till he has finished a book. The preface may rouse expectations which the book does not satisfy. Certainly *Hardy of Wessex* does not live up to what the preface led the reader to expect. There are, it is true, numerous little bits of fresh information that are interesting in themselves and occasionally revealing. They do not, however, go very far

towards explaining Hardy's "emotional personality." The chapter on the first Mrs Hardy is really the only considerable contribution that Mr Weber makes towards explaining certain aspects of Hardy's thought and work. What is stated in this chapter as fact was already floating about as gossip or surmise. The reader is left with an uneasy feeling that some of it is only surmise still, for, though it is stated as fact, the evidence is sometimes only hinted at or quite inadequate.

The weakest part of Mr Weber's book is his comparatively brief treatment of the poems and even briefer and more unsatisfactory chapter on *The Dynasts*. Mr Weber is obsessed with the idea of Hardy's indebtedness to Browning. To discuss his argument would take far too much space. It seems to me that the great majority of passages he cites in evidence show little resemblance in either thought or treatment. They left me puzzled as to what similarity Mr Weber saw in them. Perhaps it is not unfair to say that *Hardy of Wessex* is valuable, not for the opinions it expresses, but for the multitude of little facts it accumulates about Hardy. Indeed the forty-two pages of appendices are among the most interesting and valuable in the whole book. And there is an admirable twenty-one page index that enables the reader to find any of the little bits of information that may be fading out of his memory.

Hardy the Novelist has a disarming Prefatory Note. Here is the first of its two short paragraphs:

> This study was composed as a course of lectures. I fear that, transferred to the printed page, its mode of expression may seem at once too colloquial and too declamatory, too loose in structure and too emphatic in phrase, not to jar on a fastidious taste. If so, I hope my critics will remember that it was designed to be heard by an audience, not perused by a solitary reader; and will grant me their indulgence.

The overwhelming majority of readers will feel no need to grant indulgence. Very few will notice anything colloquial or declamatory. No one is likely to think the lectures loose in structure. Indeed the main thesis is argued with the close-knit reasoning one meets in a work of French criticism. Finally, it is not the phrasing that offends. One gets annoyed at the frequent use of the adjectives "simple" and "naïve" applied to Hardy and his use of dialogue, but it is what seems to me the misuse of these adjectives, not their emphasis, that gives offence.

The main thesis of *Hardy the Novelist* is that Hardy succeeds

only when he sticks close to the soil and the country folk of his Wessex. His critic begins by fixing the limits of his range and then noting the literary conventions within which he elected to work. The first lecture is given over to a consideration of Hardy's view of man and the universe. "His subject is not men, but man. His theme is mankind's predicament in the universe." "We are shown life in its fundamental elements, as exemplified by simple, elemental characters, actuated by simple, elemental passions." The lecture concludes with the recognition that "the scale of Hardy's drama is as vast as its setting is confined."

The second lecture, probably the most original and stimulating of the five, deals with the technique of Hardy's novel writing. "Every artist," the lecturer points out, "constructs his work within certain conventions, which we must accept before we are in a position to estimate his success." In a striking pronouncement Lord David Cecil declares: "But although intellectually Hardy was a man of the future, aesthetically he was a man of the past. His broad conception of the novel form was much more like that of Fielding than it was like that of Henry James." A few pages farther on he adds this: "If he had masters, they are Shakespeare and that British novelist who learnt most from Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott."

That there is much truth in these judgments no student of Hardy is likely to dispute. But it seems odd that a critic who recognizes the forward-looking mind of Hardy should make so little use of what he recognizes. He makes no use, for example, of the hint given us in Hardy's classification of his novels. Most of the novels so nobly praised in this book belong to the group that Hardy classified as novels "of Character and Environment," a phrase that is obviously just a slight variant for "of Heredity and Environment." Yet so far as anything said about Hardy in this book reveals, its author might not have known that Hardy was an admirer of Darwin and a close student of his theories. *The Return of the Native* and *The Woodlanders*, it might be argued, are stories told to illustrate the failure of certain men and women to adapt themselves to their environment. And they failed because of their characters which, as Hardy clearly recognizes, were largely determined by their heredity. Yet we get almost no recognition in *Hardy the Novelist* of the fact that Hardy the man was profoundly affected by the scientific ideas of his time. To adapt Mr Weber's

lively metaphor, Lord David Cecil thinks it his task to appraise the pearl rather than to explain why the oyster grew it.

It is true that he does explain Hardy's art in terms of his simple Wessex upbringing and environment. Indeed he declares that, outside of simple Wessex country folk, Hardy's characters are quite unconvincing, and has hard things to say about Hardy's attempts to reproduce the conversation of the upper classes. He may be right, though one notes that the setting of those Hardy novels that are severely criticized for their "naïve" dialogue is one or two generations before the critic was born. It is just possible that the conversation of today, by which he seems to be judging, has greatly changed from that of the time Hardy was trying to reproduce. One wonders, too, why the author, a nobleman and an Oxford don, should feel so sure that Hardy's rural characters talk exactly as the Wessex people of Hardy's boyhood did. Moreover, he does not observe his own rule that we must accept the conventions within which the author constructs his work "before we are in a position to estimate his success." He estimates Hardy's success in *The Hand of Ethelberta* as very little because he thinks Hardy failed to give a realistic picture. What if Hardy was trying his hand at high comedy and thinking rather of the characters in a Restoration drama than in late Victorian drawing-rooms? Certainly Ethelberta's clever comments have an extraordinary kinship with the wit and satire of Millamant's in Congreve's *The Way of the World.*

Finally, both Lord David Cecil and Mr Weber are not in sympathy with what they regard as Hardy's "dark view" of the world. Lord David Cecil rates *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* much lower than most critics do, and one feels that his dislike of them is due to a fundamental antipathy to Hardy's view of the universe. Mr Weber thinks "The Darkling Thrush" the best of Hardy's poems and, generally speaking, has praise only for the more conventional and "pleasant" poems. But despite the reservations I have made with regard to *Hardy of Wessex* and *Hardy the Novelist* they are among the best introductions to Hardy. It is unfortunate that *Hardy the Novelist* is not more convenient for reference. There is no trace of an index of any kind and so the reader has to skim through the hundred and fifty-seven pages every time he may want to refresh his memory by re-reading some of the many judgments that arrested and stimulated his interest when he first read the book.

SHORTER NOTICE

Wordsworth's Formative Years. By GEORGE WILBUR MEYER. (University of Michigan Publications, Language and Literature, vol. XX.) Ann Arbor, University of Michigan Press, 1943, $3.50.

Wordsworth's Pocket Notebook. Edited, with Commentary, by GEORGE HARRIS HEALEY. Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell University Press, 1942, $1.50.

IT should be made clear at once that both these books are for the specialist in Wordsworth. The one is a detailed study of the little-regarded writings before *Lyrical Ballads;* the other is a critical edition of a small notebook, kept over forty years later by the elderly and fashionable poet, which makes available a trifle more information for scholars but will change no literary judgments.

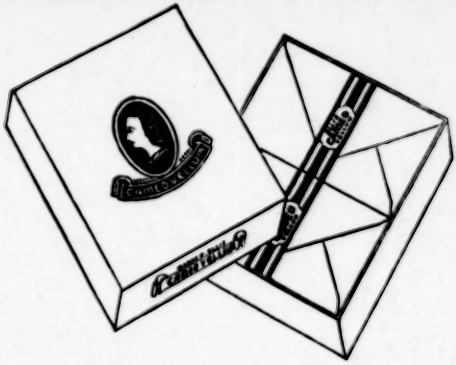
Wordsworth's Formative Years is written in the belief that *The Prelude* is untrustworthy, not only as factual autobiography, but even as a history of "the growth of a poet's mind," and that for a correct understanding of Wordsworth's emerging ideas in the ten years before *Lyrical Ballads* we must refer only to the contemporary writings. In these, Professor Meyer undertakes to show, there can be found more than casual or prejudiced readers have noticed; in fact, most of the mature poet's ideas about man, nature and society may be detected before his twenty-fifth year and the arrival of Coleridge on the scene. To support this positive contention Mr Meyer examines *An Evening Walk*, *Descriptive Sketches*, *A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff*, *Guilt and Sorrow*, *The Borderers* and *The Ruined Cottage* with more watchful patience than previous students have been able to retain when going over these often turgid literary documents.

The positive thesis about the early writings is much better sustained than the negative, and minor, contention about *The Prelude*. An orderly change can be traced from one poem to the next, the course depending in part on the French Revolution and the alterations in the poet's fortunes and prospects. Typical and persisting ideas and attitudes can also be identified in even the earliest work. The youthful writings are neither intellectually nor poetically empty. Mr Meyer's book is entirely convincing, within limits. But by trying to ignore *The Prelude* as a poet's summary of what really mattered in these years, he has diminished the value of his study, and has run the risk of confusing, as Wordsworth did

not, the temporary concern with the permanent intellectual acquisition. Wordsworth believed that true poetry was the result of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and only less obviously that sound self-understanding was possible only after the passage of time. He was sure that he had a deeper and wiser knowledge of his youthful mind when he completed the first draft of *The Prelude* in 1805 than when he wrote this letter to Mathews or that paragraph of *Descriptive Sketches* in 1792. And he was right. *Wordsworth's Formative Years* is the most thorough, and at some points the best, study of the youthful writings, but not of the youthful poet. For that we must still turn to *The Prelude*.

The other volume listed above, a notebook, containing for the most part bare memoranda of engagements during the poet's visit to London, Cambridge and Oxford in 1839-40, was left behind at Rydal Mount, apparently as of no interest, when the Wordsworth family moved away in 1859, was picked up by the gardener as a souvenir, and eventually found its way to the United States. Mr G. H. Healey has now given us a careful page-by-page transcript of this unconsidered trifle, with introduction and notes, and the Cornell University Press has printed it handsomely, in a style worthy of more significant matter. The entries include many items such as: "14 Tu breakfast Mr. Marshall. Dentist 2 o'clock"; at least one curious ur-Stein experiment in something or other, "Mrs. Cookson 35 Burton St./ Burton Crescent/ 35 Burton Street/ Burton Crescent/ Mrs. Cookson"; and about sixty lines of verse, including early drafts of two sonnets and a fifth reading for a brief passage in *The Prelude*. There is no observation whatever by the poet on men or events, to enliven the pages. Indeed the editor's notes and commentary make easily the best reading in the volume. This is Wordsworth of course, and Wordsworth was a great poet, but it seems likely that a scholar with industry and imagination could almost as well edit any page from the London directory for 1840 and make it interesting.

J. R. M.



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